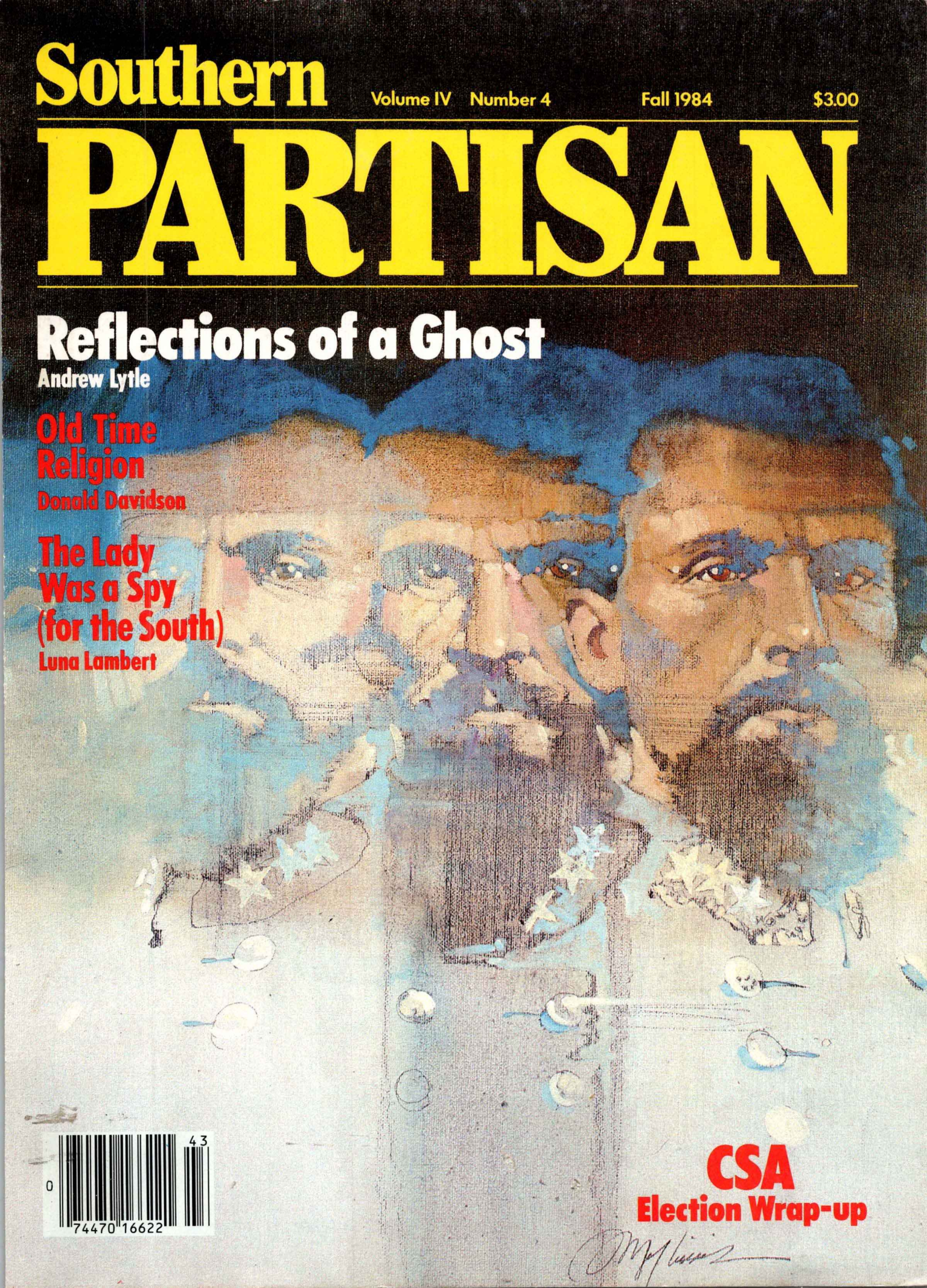
Southern
PARTISAN
Volume IV Number 4 Fall 1984 $3.00

Reflections of a Ghost
Andrew Lytle

Old Time Religion
Donald Davidson

The Lady Was a Spy (for the South)
Luna Lambert



CSA
Election Wrap-up

0 74470 16622 43

The American Print Gallery Presents
"The Institute Will Be Heard From Today"

VMI Corps of Cadets at the Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864

by Don Prechtel

Don Prechtel's original oil painting may be seen in the Hall of Valor at New Market Battlefield Park, New Market, Virginia.

The Valley of the Shenandoah, for two years had been known as "Stonewall Jackson's Valley", from his brilliant campaign there in 1862. The Virginia Military Institute had been, for ten years before the War Between the States, Professor Jackson's School, with his prosaic lessons meant to go far beyond the classrooms and the parade ground. It was only natural then — perhaps, inevitable — that the VMI Corps of Cadets would someday be required to defend their fallen teacher's valley.

The Confederacy summoned and they came — with their out-dated Austrian muskets meant only for the drill field, and their un-military homespun uniforms, and their average age of 17 years. Looking for all the world like boys, they were called on to behave like men. As if animated instinctively by their heritage and by their former instructor's spirit, they did.

"The Institute Will Be Heard From Today". Though Jackson himself was credited with first saying these words earlier in the War, never were they more meaningful than at this moment. The Virginia Military Institute Corp of Cadets at New Market. In their first battle, these youngsters of the finest blood of the South set a standard of courage and devotion to duty to be emulated by military men to this day.

Historical artist Don Prechtel's magnificent tribute to the VMI Corps is now being offered as a:

Limited edition print (overall size 23" x 30", image size 18" x 24½") 750 s/n on acid-free rag paper @$85.00, plus $5.00 shipping; open edition poster (overall size 18" x 23½", image size 15" x 20") @$10.00 plus $2.50 shipping; note cards, 20 in a box, $10.00 plus $2.50 shipping.

Telephone orders, Mon-Fri, 9am-5pm, 800-448-1863 (toll free). Personal checks and all major credit cards accepted. For information on additional military art, send $1.00 or call 717-334-6188.

AMERICAN PRINT GALLERY

America's Foremost Source for Military Art ● 219 Steinwehr Avenue ● Gettysburg, Pa. 17325 (717) 334-6188

Southern
PARTISAN

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 4 FALL 1984

FEATURES

THE LAST AGRARIAN ESSAYS

Reflections of a Ghost by Andrew Lytle and *The Center That Holds* by Donald Davidson were each written close to fifty years after the appearance of *I'll Take My Stand*, the landmark articulation of the Southern spirit to which both men contributed in 1930.

Together now, for the first time, we offer these recent essays by two great men. You may want to save this issue for your children as an expression of faith in the enduring nature of our region 16

SOUTHERN SHARP SHOOTERS...Wayne Austerman gives us an account of our men at battle and the fire arms they used against all odds 28

ROSE O'NEALE GREENHOW...Luna Lambert tells how the odds were improved by a Southern heroine with rare courage 34

VIRGINIA'S LOST COUNTIES...Holmes Alexander writes sadly about happier times when Virginia was whole and living on the fresh edge of history 41

PARTISAN CONVERSATION...Trent Lott talks about the future of Southern politics and the Republican platform that made the President's men nervous 44

HENRY TIMROD...The Restoration Series continues with this portrait of the South's poet laureate 49

A VIRTUOUS MAN...Franklin Debrot writes about an important man you've never heard of 52

CRITICUS

SOUTHERN HORIZONS...Stephen Page Smith appreciates the publication of the long lost autobiography of Thomas Dixon, the man who made possible *The Birth of a Nation* 54

HEE HAW...Harry Hope explains to us that *Hee Haw* represents a paradigm of essences toward which the phenomenology of the world are in constant approximation 57

COLUMNS AND DEPARTMENTS

PARTISAN LETTERS 2
PARTISAN VIEW/*Richard Quinn* 7
CSA TODAY 8
TRIVIUM/*Tom Landess* 11
OBITER DICTA 12
SCALAWAG AWARD 14
PARTISAN DICTIONARY/*Robert Whitaker* 14
CONFEDERATE HALL/*John Hurley* 61
BOOKNOTES 62
THE LAST WORD/*Reid Buckley* 64

Rates/Manuscripts/Correspondence: The annual subscription rate is $12.00 with a single issue price of $3.00. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add $4.00 to the annual rate ($1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add $8.00 to the annual rate ($2.00 to the single issue rate).

Please address all correspondence, including letters to the editor, to *The Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts but cannot guarantee their return unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The Southern Partisan: is published quarterly for $12.00 per year by *The Southern Partisan* Corporation, 1703 Gervais Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29201. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Columbia, South Carolina. Copyright 1984 by *The Southern Partisan* Corporation. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors or publisher. The *Southern Partisan Quarterly Review* was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, S.C. who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by the Foundation for American Education. Publication was resumed under the shorter title in the summer of 1981.

Postmaster: Send address changes to The Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211.

Advertising inquiries: Contact Pat Vierling at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211 (803-254-3660).

Southern
PARTISAN

Editor-in-Chief
Richard M. Quinn

Publisher
Charles Scott Hamel

Associate Editor
Thomas H. Landess

Assistant Editor
Richard T. Hines

Senior Editors
Holmes Alexander
F. Reid Buckley
Robert W. Whitaker
W.D. Workman, Jr.

Circulation Manager
Ruth L. Quinn

Art Director
Ed Crosby

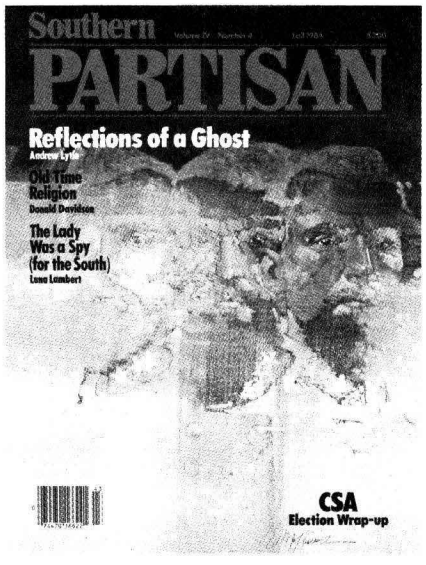
Advertising Manager
Pat Vierling

Typesetting
Sandra Staub

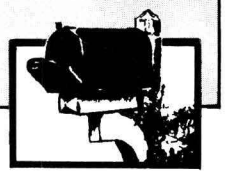
Photographer
Michael Hawkins

Graphics Assistant
Sandra Killen

Advisors and Contributors
Donald Baldwin/M.E. Bradford
Boyd Cathey/John W. Corrington
Allison Dalton/Robert Drake
John P. East/William Gill
Rod Gragg/Michael Jordan
Russell Kirk/Edward Krickel
Bill Koon/Andrew Lytle
Robert McHugh
John Douglas Minyard
Vernon D. Schrader
Frederick Wilhelmsen



Partisan Letters



Deport Buckley

Gentlemen:

Mr. Buckley, pardon my lack of appreciation for your article in the summer issue of *SP.* Perhaps the genius of your theories on the racial superiority of the Anglos is lost on me, for I am merely a "stiffnecked and rebellious" Jew who has not inherited your coveted Christian "endowment" of a natural temperament for Democracy. I guess I must also overlook the fact that, thousands of years ago, while my "people" were flourishing in a society that proliferated a culture of unprecedented sophistication, your "people" were still worshipping trees. I must naturally assume that the worship of trees denotes a superior genetic make-up and, of course, a natural temperament for Democracy. I'm so sorry I lost out.

If, in fact, the threads of Democracy *are* loosening, as you so arrogantly suggest, it is not a result of the "watering down" of the "original stock" that is to blame. Rather, I put to you, it is the insidious 70% Anglo-Irish, 30% German Swiss predilection for beliefs in genetic, cultural, and temperamental superiority that you espouse which destroys a nation that has thrived on diversity.

It may be impolite and unpolitic to bring the subject up, but I too (along with your brown-skinned nanny from Mexico) began ululating upon reading your disgraceful editorial.

I can only hope that the title of your column suggest (or even promises) that we have finally heard "The Last Word" from you.

Sholom
Bruce Glassman

Gentlemen:

I would like to take this opportunity to write to you and tell you that you have a fine and enlightening magazine. I read with utter devotion each page from cover to *The Last Word.*

I would like to take issue with Mr. Buckley on just that — his last editorial in the Summer 1984 Volume IV #3, *The Last Word.* He states that Eastern Europeans have no temperament for democratic rule, never had and probably never will. Well, Mr. Buckley, get out your history book and look under Poland. On May 3, 1791, Europe saw its first written constitution and the world its second. The KONSTYTUCJA TRZECIENGO MAJA, as it is known in Poland, provided rights and legal guarantees to all classes of people. It introduced the executive, judicial , and legislative branches of government. In fact, it is almost a carbon copy of our own. Unfortunately, Poland's autocratic neighbors, Russia, Austria, and Germany, could not allow this type of progressive thinking to take hold in their region. Poland today is still an occupied country, but I do believe that Polish Patriots will continue to fight for their independence as long as books and memories are with us.

Remember, Mr. Buckley, our own Revolution and all those who helped — to name two, Pulaski and Kosciuszko. If you will check, I believe you will see they fought for democracy.

My mother was of pure Virginian stock and my ancestors fought the first American Revolution and the Second. My father's father stowed away on a ship to get here from that Eastern European country of Poland, and my ancestors on his side fought in WWI and WWII. My point is that if you feel Eastern European blood is watering down your blue blood, maybe this is just what the doctor ordered.

Zgubilem majego Znajomego Na poludnie?*

Randall F. Cianek
Bay City, Minnesota

*Have I lost a friend to the South?

Editor's Note: Mr. Buckley has been in hiding since his column appeared. After considerable effort, we were able to reach him by phone. At our request, he pricked his pinkie and reports to us that his blood is both hot and bright red, without a trace of blue.

Deport Landess

Gentlemen:

Hold on jest a cotton-pickin' minute! I never expected to find myself in offended disagreement with anything printed in *The Southern Partisan,* but two pieces in your summer issue really raised my hackles.

First was the snide *Trivium* column of Mr. Tom Landess celebrating the decay of the Statue of Liberty. His first paragraph attributes most of our current national problems to the American policy of welcoming immigrants.

I couldn't help but think of an example, from my own experience, of how we can be enriched by the contributions of immigrants to our society. Among Georgians who love classical music, one of that state's most beloved citizens is Hungarian-born Elizabeth Buday. During her thirty-plus years as a Professor of Piano at Shorter College in Rome, she was widely acknowledged as the greatest music teacher in the South. It is likely that she did more to raise the musical standards of Georgia than any other individual, with the possible exception of Robert Shaw. She once mentioned to me that she was moved to tears by the sight of Lady Liberty upon first arriving in America after the horror or World War II.

Yes, Mr. Landess, let's be a lot stricter about who we admit, but at the same time let's not categorize all immigrants as destructive!

Also, I must take issue with Mr. Landess regarding post-Revolutionary France. Any society had to be doing *something* right to produce Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Renoir, Matisse, Monet, Manet, Delacroix, Toulouse-Lautrec, Debussy, Ravel, et cetera.

Almost as offensive is Warren Leamon's vitriolic diatribe against Atlanta. Certainly many of his points will hold water, but I draw the line where he bemoans Atlanta's lack of culture and her "anti-intellectualism." The Atlanta Symphony, under Robert Shaw, has developed into a highly respected musical ensemble. Furthermore, Shaw's Atlanta Symphony Chorus is regarded by many musicians as the finest choir *in the entire world.* Atlanta supports a very fine quality ballet company, and her enthusiastic reception of the Metropolitan Opera Company on tour every spring has bloomed into a full-fledge love af-

Our cover is an original painting for* The Southern Partisan *by Randall McKissick, who resides in South Carolina, his native State. Mr. McKissick is a graduate of The Ringling School of Art, where he received the prestigious Hallmark Card Scholarship. He has been a faculty member of Winthrop College and a freelance illustrator in Charlotte, North Carolina, Hilton Head and Columbia, South Carolina.

fair. Atlanta's Alliance Theatre has become one of the best regional theatre companies in America. And, with regard to the film premiere of *Gone With The Wind* being Atlanta's greatest cultural event, where was Leamon last year when the magnificent new High Museum of Art opened its doors?

I don't think Atlanta should be condemned for not being another Mobile, Savannah, or Charleston. She has an excitement and vitality to her that the old towns, incomparably lovely as they are, simply don't possess.

Even though I felt the need to gripe about the above-mentioned articles, in generial I must shout a heartfelt "Bravo!" for the *Partisan.* Keep up the fight!

George J. Chesnut, Jr.
Gaylesville, Alabama

Gentlemen:

Why does not Tom Landess get a *one way* ticket to Moscow and *stay there*! His article about Statue of Liberty smells of Aetheism-Bolshevisim Crawl on your dirty belly to Russia and *stay there!*

G.A. Zeldaski
San Antonio, Texas

Mr. Landess replies:

Mercy! I suppose the fault lies in my rhetoric rather than in the perception of these two readers. The first few sentences of my column on the Statue of Liberty weren't *really* serious. I was simply trying to get the mule's attention. I didn't expect him to turn around and bite me. First, my point in attacking the idea of unrestricted liberty is the very reverse of atheism or Bolshevism. My complaint is that in the name of freedom we have forgotten that we are all subjects of God and that while civil liberties are a fine and necessary thing, they are destructive when they are not exercised in an attitude of submission to God's will. Second, Mr. Chesnut is reading things into my language that surely aren't there. I said nothing about our immigration policies and indeed had no thought of them when I wrote the column. Now that he mentions it, however, many Americans do associate the Statue of Liberty with the boats bringing European immigrants to New York City — but not *this* American. The immigration question, which is bothering a lot of people today (including my friend Reid Buckley), hasn't caused me even one moment's worry. Though perhaps it's because I just haven't bothered to think about it. I find I can only solve one of the nation's problems at a time.

A Positive Note

Gentlemen:

I wonder why Tom Landess chose the word "Trivium" for the name of his column. I don't agree that his comments should be considered trivial.

Not only is the Statue of Liberty an idol, but so are the well known memorials in the capital city known as the Lincoln and Jefferson memorials. These statues are supposed to instill in the onlooker a feeling of reverential awe, for these idols are utilized to uphold the state religion of equality.

Certainly Mt. Rushmore must be classified as a set of graven images. Are they really supposed to represent the highest ideals, loftiest sentiments, and greatest wisdom that our civilization has produced? The pharoahs were living gods descended from gods, and no one is surprised to see their huge monuments along the Nile, but America is supposedly a Christian nation, and one which respects the first commandment.

The Stone Mountain Memorial was on the cover of the Summer '84 issue, but I did notice a difference. All three men were shown in profile facing the same direction, and all were shown holding their hats over their hearts. The feelings evoked — one of reverence, devotion, loyalty, and humility is directed outward. I don't feel that this memorial glorifies any man's self-image or any earthly power. Hopefully, that is the impression others perceive.

F.M. Dodgson
Overland Park, Kansas

Burn It Again!

Gentlemen:

I applaud Mr. Leamon's expose of Atlanta as the paragon of "the New South," which of course simply means "the Old North." Stripped of its regional and cultural identity, the rootless occupants of this sprawling melting-pot (I refuse to refer to their citizenry as "residents") grovel endlessly to the Northern pundits and opinion-makers, pathetically in search of achieving the suspicious honor of being "cosmopolitan."

Mr. Leamon's exegesis of "Atlanta's cultural and intellectual sterility" is painfully accurate. The hogwash often displayed at the City's museum represents at best, ridiculous and pretentious efforts, and at worst, the end-product of a not-so-long struggle to gain acceptance by the "knowledgeable" in New York, Boston or Washington.

Elements alien to the traditional values of the South (i.e., feminists, homosexuals, northern liberals) have descended upon the City in force, much reminiscent of General Sherman's march some 100 years ago. But now, as then, the frailty of the Atlanta natives, so easily bought at cheap prices, offers no resistance to the assault. Money-hungry Northerners, and increasingly though appropriately, Arabs and other foreigners, are seizing the lucrative opportunity to erect shopping centers and sky-scrapers. If opportunity knocks only once for these invaders, then rest assured that Atlantans will be at the door waiting, ready to throw gasoline on this Second Burning of Atlanta which is now only a dull glow.

Robert D. Hays
Atlanta, Georgia

Gentlemen:

First let me say how much I enjoy your magazine with its refreshing views and ideas.

Even at this, I found it very depressing to find an article written about Atlanta, Georgia sandwiched between articles on two of the South's great leaders, Generals Nathan Bedford Forrest and Patrick R. Cleburne. I found it even more depressing since Atlanta's psuedo-intellectual political leaders saw it necessary to change the name of Forrest Avenue to Ralph McGill Boulevard. Who in the devil's name is Ralph McGill!?

There is no doubt in this Southerner's mind that Mister McGill couldn't hold a candle to the great Nathan Bedford Forrest.

It seems to me that this move by Maynard Jackson and his cronies was a racist plot to destroy the memories of all the brave men who had the intestinal fortitude to fight for a cause in which they believed. I fail to understand how any self-respecting person could stand by while these few destroy the heritage of so many.

In closing I would like to say that the whole situation in Atlanta is enough to make a Southerner wish that Billy Sherman was alive today so he could burn Atlanta again. Maybe this time he would do it right!

Peter M. Pedersen
Columbia, South Carolina

Editor's Note: Ralph McGill was a long-time editor of the ***Atlanta Constitution*** *who was known nationally because of his attacks on his own state and region, for which he won a Pulitzer Prize, naturally.*

Comrades Of The Southern Cross

Gentlemen:

I refer you to the excellent letter by Marvin Almon in the Summer 1984 Partisan. Therein Mr. Almon suggested that a new group would be needed for those individuals who could not

Confederate Half Dollar

The Rare Beautiful Confederate Half Dollar Emblem In Solid Bronze Buckles & Paperweights

Great Christmas Gift Ideas

12.45 Ea. Ppd. **3 or More 10.95 Ea. Ppd.**

Confederate Half Dollar, Great Seal of The Confederacy, Oval CSA, Sons of Confederate Veterans 1896, Military Order of the Stars and Bars, Jeff Davis, R. E. Lee, N. B. Forrest, "Stonewall" Jackson, or "Jeb" Stuart.

—Buckles or Paperweights—
BAXENDALES
4114 Sp Sneed, Nashville, TN 37215
(615) 297-1975

STONE MOUNTAIN-RELICS
968 S P Main Street
Stone Mountain, Ga. 30083
(404) 469-1425

Civil War relics, books, memorabilia,

Send $1.00 for our latest catalogue.

PLATES AND BUCKLES
OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY
1795-1874

Announcing a much needed new edition of the standard Civil War buckle book. Illustrating the front and back of 448 different plates and buckles. United and Confederate States, with emphasis on the Civil War period. Much additional valuable data and photographs. On premium paper, 568 pages, hardbound, Size 8 x 10½.

$35.00 plus $2 for shipping

(Visa and Mastercard accepted)

prove Confederate Ancestry, but whose loyalty was to the South.

As a native of northern Illinois, I stand second to no man in my love and loyalty to the old Confederacy. I refer all readers to page 38 of that same issue of *The Southern Partisan* when it refers to General Cleburne who formed an association, Comrades of the Southern Cross, "which bound his men by oath and blood to stand together in support of each other." It would seem that this would be an ideal association for those of us who love the South yet do not fit in with the organization already established. Perhaps Mr. Almon or others might have some suggestion along this line. I have the honor of remaining.

C. Michael Ritchey, Esq.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Anagrams

Gentlemen:

Thought *The Southern Partisan* might be interested in an astonishing discovery I stumbled upon while viewing the Republican Convention on television.

The President's full name — Ronald Wilson Reagan — anagrammatizes perfectly into the following election-night-'84 liberal lament:

"Ron wins all — Gad! No E.R.A."

Who knows — perhaps this is evidence the radical-left attempt to desexualize America (via the "Equal Rights Amendment" and other devious means) was ill-fated from the start.

Thanks for making available your fine publication.

David B. Wilson
Norfolk, Virginia

Editor's Note: Did you also notice that Geraldine Ferraro when scrambled becomes A REAL DOG? (O.K., so there are a few letters left over, it's the thought that counts.)

Old South Friends

Gentlemen:

One of your letters to the editor in the Summer issue suggested that an organization be formed for friends of the Old South who may not have an ancestor in the Confederate Army.

Such an organization already exists. The Confederate Memorial Association includes all friends of the South as well as descendants. Membership is $20 and makes the "Confederate Embassy" available for their use when they visit Washington, D.C.

Passport and membership information is available by writing:

The Confederate Embassy
1322 Vermont Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
John Edward Hurley
Ambassador
Washington, D.C.

Table Talk

Gentlemen:

Sheldon Vanauken's interesting essay (Spring Vol. 4, #2), The World After The South Won, has become an intriguing subject for discussion over dinner in this South Carolina town. Indeed one might say that "What Might Have Been" and "If" of that striking article is proving to be an unending source of charged conversation; The fun of it increases with the next dinner party. Many thanks to the author and the Editors of *Southern Partisan.* You have a fine magazine; each piece so worthwhile.

Loring Ellis
Hampton, South Carolina

Editor's Note: Precisely why Mr. Vanauken wrote the article and why we published it. Thank you for your letter.

To Err...

Gentlemen:

There were a number of typographical errors in my column this past issue, including the omission of a line...as follow:

1. Popocatepetl (instead of *Popocateptl*).
2. Line 8, second column, first page, there should be a comma between *vote* and *one's.*
3. Line 19, second column, first page, there should be a closing parenthesis between *market* and the comma.
4. Line 5, second column, first page, there should be no semicolon after *and.*
5. Subhead, second page: the second sentence beginning *our country* has been mashed and makes no sense.
6. Line 29, first column, second page, there should be a comma between *nature* and *is.*
7. Lines 29 and 30, first column, second page — a phrase has been left out. Starting with line 27, this sentence should read, "...far from appeasing the Left (the Left, by nature, is immoderate and absolutist; there is no such thing as appeasing the insatible), has brewed the *conditions of revolution whose end will be the finis of* freedom in Great Britain." The italicized words were left out.

F.R. Buckley
Camden, South Carolina

BUY • DENT MYERS • SELL

WILDMAN'S

CIVIL WAR SURPLUS

• RARE & ANTIQUE GUNS •
• BOOKS OLD & NEW • HERBS •

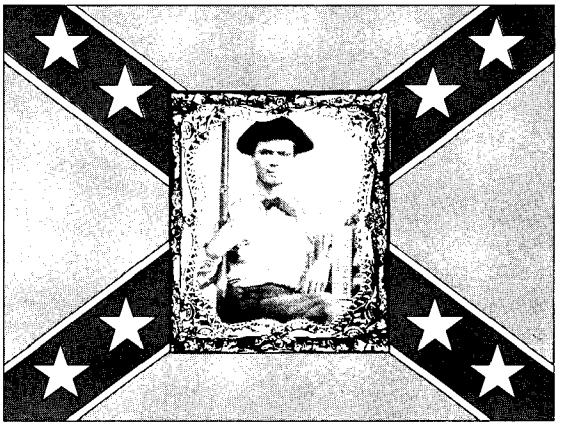
WILD MAN'S

BEST LITTLE WAR HOUSE IN KENNESAW
(404) 422-1785

??? 2879 N. MAIN ST., KENNESAW, GA. 30144 TRADE

Ga. tx. 033-2211975 List $1.00

TENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION



1985
CONFEDERATE
CALENDAR

Published in a limited edition and revised yearly. This calendar offers a daily listing of 1861-65 events, campaigns, birthdays, anecdotes, etc. Each month has previously unpublished and researched photographs of Confederate soldiers. Among those in this 10th anniversary edition are: Gen. H. B. Granbury, two identified CSA Indian images, a rare outdoor view of a mounted Mississippi cavalryman and a Virginia color sergeant with battleflag.

Send $7.95 to CONFEDERATE CALENDAR WORKS
P.O. Drawer 2084, Dept. M
Austin, Texas 78768

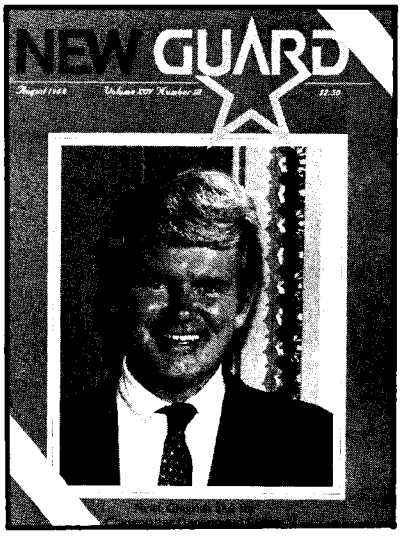
Orders processed immediately and shipped via First Class Mail.

Do You Know What America's Young People are Thinking?

If not, you should be reading New Guard, the nation's oldest journal of opinion for America's youth

If you're not reading New Guard, here's what you're missing. . .

- Congressman Newt Gingrich and the COS
- Congressman Larry Craig and CLUBB
- New Guard *exclusive* interviews with Charlton Heston, William Rusher and Linda Chavez
- Soviet Brutality in Afghanistan
- Will the Supreme Court be reshaped during a second Reagan term



- Why we need a flat tax
- YAF at the Democratic National Convention
- How our *liberal* network news distorts the economic recovery
- Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and the moral difference between the US and USSR
- President Ronald Reagan at CPAC '84

. . . and much, much, more . . . Bill Buckley, M. Stanton Evans, Phil Crane, Jack Kemp, Jesse Helms, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn . . . If you want to know what America's young people are thinking and saying about the nation, subscribe to New Guard . . . the nation's only journal of opinion written by and for young Americans.

Don't Hesitate . . . Order Now. . . Find Out What Lies Ahead for America

PLUS —FREE: The Eleventh Hour by General Lewis W. Walt with your subscription to New Guard!!!

YES—I want to know what the future leaders of this nation are thinking and saying. I enclose:

$10 for one year_____

$18 for two years_____

Send to: *New Guard* Magazine
Box 1002
Woodland Road
Sterling, Virginia 22170

SP1

THE CIVIL WAR

100 years later, the wounds still bleed.

Select any one of the valuable sets shown here when you join The History Book Club.

Spanning some of the most fascinating years in American history, you will save anywhere from $85.00 to $183.00 on these fine collections which represent some of the best historical writing around.

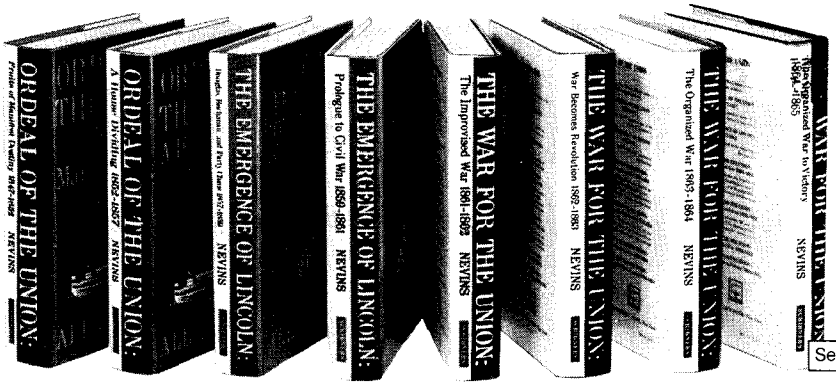
Now in its 38th year, the Club has distributed over 1,000 titles, many of which have been awarded the Pulitzer Prize.

Last year alone, our members saved 33% on their Club purchases, while you can save more than 50% during your initial trial membership.

To join, simply choose your set, plus one additional book from the list below. Then take just four more selections during the next two years from the 150-200 books available each month—always at the low members' price.

Membership Benefits: A membership account will be opened for you to which your purchases will be charged at the low members' prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment.

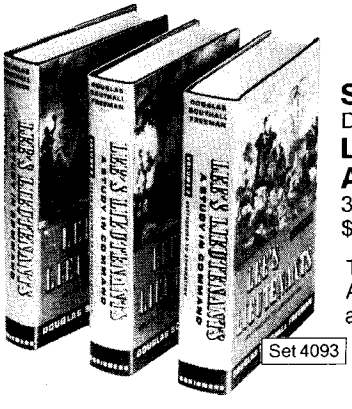
Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our *Review* containing descriptions of new and recent selections. If you want the Editors' Choice do nothing; it will be sent to you automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.


ORDEAL OF THE UNION
ORDEAL OF THE UNION
THE EMERGENCE OF LINCOLN
THE EMERGENCE OF LINCOLN
THE WAR FOR THE UNION
THE WAR FOR THE UNION
THE WAR FOR THE UNION
WAR FOR THE UNION
NEVINS

Set 6627

SAVE $183.00
Allan Nevins'
THE ORDEAL OF THE UNION
8 Volumes, Publisher's Price
$200.00 / *Yours For Only $17*

Monumental account of our national history, 1847 to 1865. From the Mexican War through Appomattox and the death of Lincoln. Told with a sweep and passion that is almost Tolstoian.



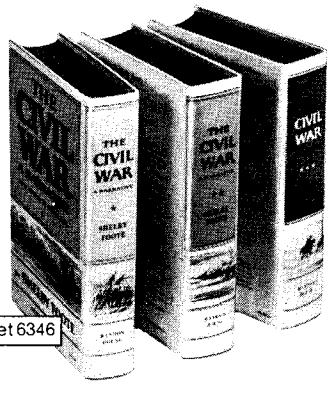
Set 4093

SAVE $85.00
Douglas Southall Freeman's
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A STUDY IN COMMAND
3 Volumes, Publisher's Price
$90.00 / *Yours For Only $5*

The commanders of Lee's Army and how they waged—and almost won—the Civil War.

SAVE $85.00
Shelby Foote's
THE CIVIL WAR: A NARRATIVE
3 Volumes, Publisher's Price
$90.00 / *Yours For Only $5*

The opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox.



Set 6346

Start membership today with any of these books at the low members' price. (First price is publishers' list. **Boldface** is members' price.)

8979. **Abraham Lincoln: The Man Behind The Myths.** *By Stephen B. Oates.* An award-winning author answers many perplexing questions about how the real-life Lincoln evolved into our most mythologized president. $12.95/**$10.25**

7856. **Five Tragic Hours: The Battle Of Franklin.** *By J.L. McDonough And T.L. Connelly.* $17.50/**$12.95**

1859. **The Celts: The People Who Came Out Of The Darkness.** *By Gerhard Herm.* $15.00/**$10.50**

5710. **Family Names: How Our Surnames Came To America.** *By J. N. Hook, Ph.D.* $16.95/**$11.95**

Save $85.00 to $183.00 on one of these sets

WITH YOUR TRIAL MEMBERSHIP

The History Book Club, Dept. N. 40 Guernsey St., Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill me at the stated price and my other selection at the low Members' Price plus postage-and-packing.

Set # _____ Selection # _____

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years *(not counting my choices above).* Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. PP-01QT

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. address

NC84C

8425. **Cincinnatus: George Washington And The Enlightenment.** *By Garry Wills.* Gives a fresh perspective on one of America's greatest heroes. $18.95/**$13.50**

8862. **The Gettysburg Campaign: A Study In Command.** *By Edwin B. Coddington.* $40.00/**$22.95**

8508. **The Gurkhas.** *By Byron Farwell.* Describes the finest infantrymen in the world. $17.95/**$12.95**

6874. **Landscape Turned Red: The Battle Of Antietam.** *By Stephen W. Sears.* $17.95/**$12.95**

8490. **The Indian Frontier Of The American West, 1846-1890.** *By Robert M. Utley.* $19.95/**$13.95**

8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* $11.95/**$8.95**

Partisan View

RICHARD QUINN

Told You Twict

Scene One: The Sunday before the election, Walter Mondale was speaking earnestly from the pulpit of a black Baptist church in Memphis, Tennessee — not far from the Lorraine Motel where Martin Luther King was shot sixteen years earlier.

As proof of his devotion, Mondale reminded the gathering that he had marched behind King's casket. "They struck him down..." (note the vague, conspiratorical pronoun), but "we knew he had won!" Mondale then exhorted them all to vote. "Make sure," he said, "that everybody votes."

So there was Walter on the Sunday before the election stirring through the ashes, searching for a live spark to reignite the old time religion. He looked a lot like the Wizard of Oz, pushing buttons and pulling levers, desperate to make the magic work again. But the curtain had been pulled back and what we all saw was a tired medicine man from Minnesota, not a bad man really, but a very poor wizard. The old black magic just wasn't working any more.

Scene Two: On the same Sunday, two days before the election George Bush was on national television being interviewed by the press, saying gosh and gee a lot, saying nice things about Mondale ("He's run a good campaign") and Ferraro ("You've just never reported the nice things I've said about her."). So there was George being a good sport, his eyes bright from dreams of presidential sugar plums. *Hail to the Chief,* as John Kennedy once said, is indeed a catchy tune.

Scene Three: With Mondale in Memphis and Bush on the tube, the man Tip O'Neill would soon call "the most popular president in history" was winging his way across the country on Air Force One, staging media events in one state after another. At one stop, hecklers annoyed the affable Gipper. So you didn't like the first four years, he said to them in a strong voice. "Well, you ain't seen nothing yet."

Well, that's true. We haven't seen much yet. Not in the first four years. There are no Southerners on the President's cabinet. Southern elections are still directed by the federal Justice Department (even though black voter participation everywhere in the South is far greater than it is in Ms. Ferraro's backyard). Southern legislative districts are still being gerrymandered by Brad Reynolds in Washington. Southern schools are still dominated by federal agents, whose authority over our children is not even subject to the appeals of prayer. And our decisions in foreign policy are still dominated by the Chase Manhattan Bank, whose directors lobby for business as usual with the thugs of the world. In most respects, Gerald Ford might as well still be President. The differences are cosmetic. Plus no one has been hit in the head lately by a misdirected golf ball.

And yet we all voted for Ronald Reagan. We voted for him partly because we deplore liberal Democrats even more than we do old-line Republicans. But it was more than that. We *do* like Ronald Reagan. We have a sense that he wants to do the right things, that he is the right man surrounded by the wrong people, a victim of all those half-smiling pragmatists with cold eyes and pinstripe suits, men who consult polls and speak in whispers behind cupped hands. We can almost hear Ronnie at one of his staff meeting saying, "Well, I guess you're right. It's hard to argue with all those facts and figures. But are you sure..."

"Yes, Mr. President," they whisper. "We've considered all the options. We've even run probability studies on the computer. It's a tough call but you've made the right decision."

So we keep hoping that one day Ronnie will get hot like he did at the Nashua debate, when he said: wait a damn minute I paid for this microphone. We hope he'll toss the briefing papers and print-outs on the floor of the Oval Office and say, "To hell with your computers. Here's what I'm going to do..." When that happens, the first thing he'll do is find a job for Jim Baker III as a loan officer in a bank somewhere and get on with his promised agenda to return the power of government in America to the local level and to spend at least as much time worrying about the spiritual state of the union as he has the Dow Jones Index.

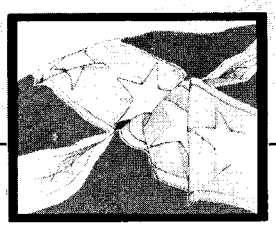
Reagan's 1984 landslide was, to be sure, a personal triumph. But it is being interpreted by the mediagods as something less than a policy mandate because the President simply didn't campaign for a policy mandate.

Mandate or not, one thing is for certain: a corner has been turned recently in American politics. Our friend Robert Whitaker (a senior editor of these pages) was right in *The New Right Papers.* Ronald Reagan may very well fail to do what he was elected to do. But even if he does fail, the country will not allow an old-line welfare-state liberal to return to the helm. What the country seeks is spiritual renewal and deliverance from the disasterous policies of the last generation. So if the Gipper fails in his rescue attempt, if he is mesmerized by the Republican establishment, then he will go the way of Gerald Ford and the nation will look for another hero, but not a return to the bondage of the old regime.

With more resolve than any other region of the country, the South will stick to that decision. And whether Democrat or Republican or some new hybrid, whoever seeks the Presidency in 1988 will *not* win if he (and I speak generically, of course) ignores this region.

So the meaning of the 1984 election for the future is still unclear. A lot of that will be up to Ronald Reagan (who he listens to and what he does in the months ahead). But the meaning for the past rings as true as crystal, and as clear as the words of Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, when one of his men made a second appeal to him for leave from the front line. In effect, the American electorate (after first denying the request of Jimmy Carter in 1980 and then Walter Mondale in 1984) said to old-school liberalism what General Forrest said to that soldier: "I told you twict godamit. No!" About that, there can be no doubt.

CSA Today



NOTE: *While the national media continues its preoccupation with federal elections, we continue to believe that the most important measure of political trends in America is taken at the local level. And by that measure, significant changes are taking place in the South. There was a gain for the Republican Party of 46 seats in Southern State Houses and 14 State Senate seats (even though no State elections were held in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi or Virginia).*

What, in effect, we are witnessing in the South is a growing repudiation of the national Democratic Party. So if a philosophical realignment of parties is not taking place on a national level, it is certainly making headway in the Old Confederacy. Remaining Southern Democrats are fast coming to the point where they will have to reassess their standing or risk extinction.

This shifting phenomenon in Southern states is more significant than shifts at the congressional level because it affects the most loyal segment of the Democratic Party, the good old boys in their white linen suits who have always talked about voting the straight ticket the way they talk about the Decalogue. These smiling cold-eyed professionals are not about to be turned out of twenty and thirty-year sinecures without a struggle. So you can expect to see some immediate changes in the national Democratic Party. Or else some well-publicized resignation rallies.

At this very moment, while you're reading these words, you can bet that somewhere in the Old South a good old boy is mopping his brow with a white handkerchief as he thumbs through his rolodex searching for the private number of the local Republican National Committeeman.

In this special CSA Today, we give you an overview of the changing face of politics in the Southland.

Alabama

Local Races: No state elections

Congressional: Despite the fact that President Reagan carried Alabama by 60%, Democrat Senator Howell Heflin easily won re-election, in part because he has voted with the administration on most of the crucial issues. (Indeed, where he has differed, he has usually represented the more traditional sentiments of his state.)

The Democrats had an opportunity to pick up the open seat vacated by Rep. Jack Edwards, but Republican H.L. "Sonny" Callahan managed to defeat Frank McRight, who turned out to be McWrong for the voters in his district. The result of all this: the Alabama House delegation remains at 5-2 for the Democrats.

Arkansas

Local Races: The Republicans gained two seats in the State House and one State Senate seat, bringing the House ratio up to 91 Democrats verses 9 Republicans (State Senate: 31 Demos vs. 4 GOP.)

Congressional: Arkansas remains solidly Democratic, in marked contrast to the rest of the region. Baby-faced Governor Bill Clinton was re-elected without significant opposition, as was David Pryor in the Senate. The House delegation also remained 3-1 Democratic.

Indeed, you can take the measure of Arkansas's determination in the congressional race between Pulaski County Sheriff Tommy Robinson and conservative Republican Judy Petty. Robinson was under considerable fire from many liberal Democrats because as a matter of policy he took excess prisoners out of crowded jails and chained them to guard towers. Yet when the sun rose on November 6 his critics all went out and voted for him. (Come to think of it, a lot of conservative Republicans did the same.)

Florida

Local Races: The Republicans gained 5 State House Seats (New Ratio: 79-41 in favor of the Democrats) and experienced no change in the State Senate (32-8 Democratic).

Congressional: Since neither of the two U.S. Senators was up for re-election this year the most important race in the state was that of Congressman Andy Ireland, who switched from Democrat to Republican this past summer. Ireland, who comes from Winter Haven, was opposed by Manatee County Democrat Patricia Glass; and some local observers believed that she might give him trouble.

Not so! When the votes were counted Ireland won by more than 60%, and as a consequence the Florida delegation remains the same, with 12 Democrats and 7 Republicans. Ireland is the second Southern congressman in recent years to make such a successful transition, and his case may give Tip O'Neill additional pause when he thinks about pressuring Southern congressmen to vote against the wishes of their constituents. If the pattern runs true, Ireland just may end up in the Senate.

Georgia

Local Races: The Republicans gained 2 State House Seats here and 2 in the State Senate, bringing the House ratio to 154-26 (Democratic) and the Senate 47-9 (ditto).

Congressional: Senator Sam Nunn easily defeated a little-known Republican challenger, then gave some indication of his own future concerns in an interview with *The Atlanta Constitution:* "I don't think the public understands the seriousness of the deficit and where it is coming from. I talk to conservatives and they say all we need to do is cut back on welfare and food stamps and old Ron is going to take care of it. I talk to liberals who say if we can just cut the defense budget back we'll be all right. And neither of those things by themselves would work."

In the House, however, it was another matter. In a rattling blow to the Democratic hierarchy in Congress Pat Swindall unseated Rep. Elliott Levitas, the dean of the Georgia House delegation and a ten-year veteran. Part of Levitas's trouble lay in a faulty redistricting plan that didn't protect him nearly as much as he had hoped. But the youthful Swindall's campaign was brilliant and effective, and he managed to win by 53% to 47%, a substantial margin in a race against a prestigious incumbent. Swindall's chief issue was his opponents "liberalism" and his failure to support the President.

Despite this net gain of one seat for the GOP, however, the Democrats still hold a 10-2 edge over the Republicans.

Kentucky

Local Races: The Republicans gained three seats in the State House (new ratio: 74 Democrats vs. 26 Republicans.) There were no State Senate races.

Congressional: The GOP picked up its only new senatorial seat in Kentucky. That of Walter Huddleston, who seemed invincible, after two terms. He was defeated by Republican Mitchell McConnell who — along with Phil Gramm of Texas — should receive considerable attention in 1988, if only because of the fact that he's a Southerner.

And speaking of national tickets, Kentuckians still insist that had Walter Mondale chosen their governor instead of that *other* woman, the Democrats might have done a little better. We're inclined to agree. At least they might have carried Queens.

Louisiana

Local Races: No state elections.

Congressional: A few years ago, Louisiana Democrats got tired of running in three expensive contests while their Republican opponents often ran in jus the general election. As a result they instituted an "open primary" in which Republicans as well as Democrats must run. The result: by September of this year both the first primary and the run-off had taken place, and all incumbents had been returned to office — Senator J. Bennett Johnston and eight congressmen: 6 Democrats and 2 Republicans.

This system is perhaps an attempt to return to the days when the primary was "tantamount" to election, but with one difference — the candidates wear their party labels (particularly the Democrats) and the partisan spirit runs high. Still, it may be a step in the right direction.

Maryland

Local Races: No state elections.

Congressional: The one state in the region where the President had a tough race, Maryland nonetheless gave him 52% of the popular vote, after going to Jimmy Carter only four years earlier. But Helen Delich Bentley, after losing to Congressman Clarence Long in two previous races, finally defeated him to gain a seat for the Republicans. Now the ratio stands at 6 Democrats to 2 Republicans in a state that is stubbornly, tenaciously keeping up its old ties.

Mississippi

Local Races: No state elections

Congressional: There was no change in the balance of power of Mississippi's congressional delegation. In another time, that might have meant a Democratic sweep. In 1984 it means that Republican Senator Thad Cochran was easily re-elected and Republican Trent Lott will return to the House as Minority Whip. In fact, at present Mississippi has one Republican senator and two Republican Congressmen, with veteran Wayne Dowdy beating back a strong challenge from David Armstrong to maintain the Democratic balance of 3-2.

The President won here with 62% of the vote, an extraordinary victory for a Republican presidential candidate in The Magnolia State.

Missouri

Local Races: The Republicans gained 2 State House seats (new ratio: 108-55 with a Democratic majority) and there was a 1 seat gain for the GOP in the State Senate (21-13 Democratic).

Congressional: The Democrats retained their 6-3 control of the congressional delegation, despite a hard fought battle by Carrie Francke, who almost unseated Democratic Rep. Harold Volkmer.

However, the governor in Harry Truman's home state is a Republican, John Ashcroft, who defeated challenger Kenneth Rothman to keep the statehouse for his party, while the ghost of the late president walked the night uttering under its luminous breath (his mother, you may recall, hated Republicans as much as she did Yankees, largely because in her time they were one and the same. Indeed she never permitted either to darken her door).

North Carolina

Local Races: Probably because of the interest generated by the Helms-Hunt clash, the Republican Party made tremendous strides here at the local level. There are 18 new GOP State House members (new ratio: 80-36 with a Democratic majority). Also, there are 6 new GOP State Senators (38 Democrats to 12 Republicans).

Congressional: The epicenter of the Republican rumble this year occurred in North Carolina, suggesting that the coattails of Jesse Helms may have been spun of stronger fiber than the President's (at least in terms of pulling traditional Democrats to the GOP ticket). Republican Jim Martin upset Rufus Edmisten for the Governor's seat and the GOP picked up three congressional seats, and very narrowly fell short on two others. The North Carolina Congressional delegation is now 5 Republicans to 6 Democrats.

And of course, Reagan enjoyed a major victory here with 62% of the vote. Oddly, the Democrats hung on to the Lt. Governor's seat by electing Bob Jordan.

South Carolina

Local Races: The Republicans picked up only one State House seat in the Palmetto State (new ratio: 96 Democrats to 27 Republicans) but the GOP gained a shocking 4 State Senate seats, with two very major upsets (ratio: 36-10 Democratic).

Congressional: No changes in the congressional delegation. The Democrats who challenged incumbent Republicans lost just about as badly as the Republicans who challenged incumbent Democrats.

Strom Thurmond rolled like a great tank to yet another term in the United States Senate. Now the old boy (merely in his 80s) is hinting that he will run again in 1990. Miraculously he looked younger and sounded more alert this time than he did in his 1978 campaign.

In South Carolina, the congressional delegation remains 3-3 and the Senate delegation 1-1 (Senator Hollings, still licking his wounds after his painful presidential bid, will be up again in two years. One rumor has it that Jesse Jackson may take him on in the Democratic Primary).

Tennessee

Local Races: This is the only Southern state that experienced overall GOP losses in local elections. The Democrats gained 2 new State House seats (bringing the ratio to 62 Demos vs. 37 GOP) and 1 new State Senate seat (23 Demos vs. 10 GOP).

Congressional: Rep. Albert Gore, Jr., a Democrat, took Howard Baker's open seat away from the Republicans; and while that gives the National GOP a net loss in the Senate chamber, the philosophical complexion of the Upper House may not be radically affected by this change. Baker, after all, has been what the poet Dante called "a trimmer," one consigned to the upper regions of Hell not because he'd done anything absolutely abominable but because he'd always compromised or equivocated on matters of principle.

Gore, who has won boy scout merit badges for his attention to health and environmental issues, may prove to be no more injurious to the cause of good sense than was Baker, particularly in view of the fact that the President's margin in Tennessee was as great as it was nationally. However, when the crunch comes on such issues as prayer in schools and punitive civil rights measures, Gore will probably vote with the Northeastern crowd.

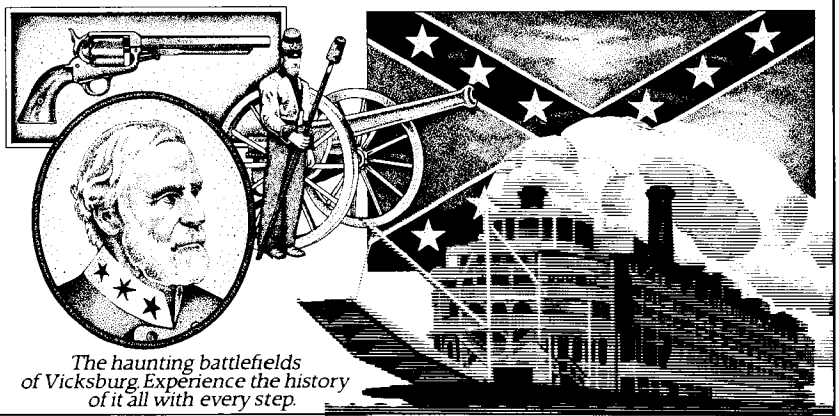
But then so did Baker.

As for the House, the delegation remains the same: 6-3 in favor of the Democrats.

Texas

Local Races: Big Republican gains here. The GOP picked up 16 new State House seats (new ratio: 97 Democrats vs. 53 Republicans) and 1 new State Senate Seat (25 Democrats to 6 Republicans).

STEAMBOATIN'©
IT'S STILL THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL



The haunting battlefields of Vicksburg. Experience the history of it all with every step.

FREE BROCHURE
See your travel agent or call toll-free
800-228-2111
or write: The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
511 Main Street, Box PZ70, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

DELTA QUEEN
STEAMBOAT CO.
DELTA QUEEN
MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

2 to 12 Nights. Suites. Staterooms. Cabins.

Name:_____
Address:_____
City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____
Telephone:_____ Area Code (_____)_____
Age: ☐ Under 35 ☐ 36-49 ☐ 50-64 ☐ Over 65 Ocean cruises taken: ☐ 0 ☐ 1 ☐ 2 or more.

Congressional: What happens in Texas should be of primary interest to the rest of the nation, because according to some predictions the Lone Star State will be the largest in the nation by the end of the century, a thought that leaves many Southerners as well as Northerners a bit uneasy. Even now Texans control large blocs in the Electoral College. This year the Republican Party made the largest inroads in the state's history.

The President, who was saved from oblivion in 1976 by a sweep in the Texas primary, whipped Mondale by 63%-37% — his greatest margin in the region except for Florida, another rapidly growing state.

As for the Senate, Phil Gramm easily defeated Democrat Lloyd Doggett, who was supported by minorities, the editorial staff of the *Texas Observer,* about 25,000 dead people, and a handful of armadillos. Gramm a former Texas A&M professor, was a leader of the Boll Weevils in Congress until he was punished by Tip O'Neill and decided to switch parties. He is easily the most impressive of the new GOP senators and may end up on the national ticket — provided, of course, the Republicans have more sense in 1988 than the Democrats did in 1984. Gramm replaces John Tower; and though Tower's voting record usually suited the tastes of his constituency, Gramm may prove to be even more popular.

The most encouraging gains for the Republicans, however, came in the congressional races, where they picked up four new seats, the largest net gain in the nation. Beau Boulter beat incumbent Jack Hightower; Larry Combest won the seat that Kent Hance vacated in order to run for the Senate; Mac Sweeney bested Rep. Bill Patman; and Richard Armey ended Rep. Tom Vandergriff's domination of an essentially Republican district.

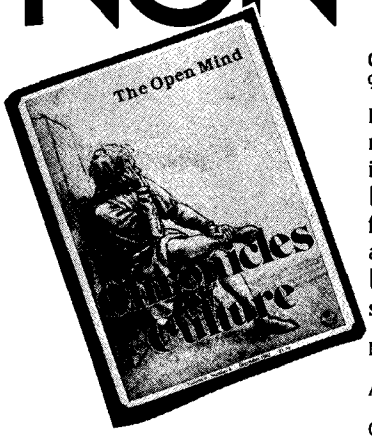
The Texas delegation now stands at 17-10 in favor of the Democrats instead of 21-6, and once again the skull and cross bones is on the hemlock bottle. If the National Democratic Party takes one more swig....

Virginia

Local Races: No State elections.

Congressional: Virginia Republicans retained six out of ten congressional seats, the most notable race being in the Virginia seventh district where former-Byrd-Democrat-turned-Republican French Slaughter was elected to replace retiring Representative Ken Robinson. Slaughter had refused to disavow his support of "Massive Resistance" to federal forced integration as a member of the Virginia Assembly saying only that he had done "the right thing at the time" and had no apology. John Warner who opposed an amendment to the King holiday bill last year to honor Thomas Jefferson was elected over weak opposition. Statewide elections in Virginia are scheduled for 1985 though widespread rumors of a draft of former Senator Harry F. Byrd for governor as a Republican or independent are already circulating throughout the Old Dominion. Two moderate-esk GOP candidates Coleman and Durett have surfaced to oppose Democrat Lt. Governor Davis. Ginger minority State Senator Douglas Wilder, author of the M.L. King legislation that destroyed Lee-Jackson Day is seeking the Lt. Governor's spot.

AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL



Chronicles of Culture
934 North Main Street • Rockford, Illinois 61103

I wish to judge **Chronicles of Culture** for myself. Enroll me as a potential subscriber and send me your current issue free.

☐ Bill me for $18.00 (12 monthly issues). If I'm not satisfied with my first issue I'll write "cancel" on the invoice and return it unpaid. No further obligation on my part.

☐ Check for $18.00 is enclosed. Please start my subscription now.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Chronicles of Culture
NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

Confederate Flag Belt Buckles

Have you had a difficult time in the past of finding an unusual, but nice, Christmas gift? Would you like to give a gift that is not only a collector's item but also is an attractive addition to any belt?

A new series of belt buckles, featuring the Confederate Flag in full color, has been designed just in time for your Christmas and Holiday gift giving.

Featured in the new collection are the following: The Confederate Bonnie Blue Flag, The 1st Confederate National Flag (Stars and Bars), The 2nd Confederate National Flag (Stainless), The 3rd Confederate National Flag (Wide Panel), The Confederate Battle Flag (Square), The Confederate Battle Flag (Naval Jack), The Union/Confederate 33 Star Flag, Lee's Personal Headquarters Flag.

These flags were selected to be included in this collection because of their popularity and color combinations.

Measuring a full 2¾" x 3¾", these oval buckles will fit any 1½" leather belt and although they look great with jeans, they will add a touch of "Confederate Class" to any casual outfit.

Since the buckles are not available in any store they are being offered at a special price of $8.95 each. The demand for these buckles will be great and all orders will be processed on an "as received" basis.

Send Check or money order for $8.75 + $1.25 postage and handling. VA residents add 4% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **Tom Eppes**, Dept. SP, 7500 Seminary Ave., Richmond, VA 23227. *Allow 3-4 weeks delivery.*

Trivium

TOM LANDESS

Notes On A Dedication

Fall came late this year, and in the final days of October the leaves, still a pale shade of green, clung to the branches of the huge oak trees that we passed before we eased around the square in Edgefield and looked for a place to park. We were early, but already 40 or 50 people were standing around at the foot of the courthouse steps or else seated in two's and three's before a large wooden platform draped in red, white, and blue.

And on a pedestal behind them, reared against the sky like an unorthodox ghost stood a figure draped in a scarlet sheet, one arm outstretched, the wind whipping the cloth like a battle flag. Any Yankee who had taken the wrong turn off I-20 and blundered into this little town might have been terrified. For an instant we too were startled. Then we remembered. Underneath the blood-red sheet was Maria Kirby-Smith's undedicated bronze of J. Strom Thurmond, the reason for our trip to Edgefield.

Of course several of us were curious to see the senator as well as the statue. We'd heard from friends that he was finally coming apart, that he could no longer walk or talk, that he was being programmed by his staff, which was why his voting record had been so erratic in recent years. Well, we got to see him sooner than we expected.

Following a stream of people dressed in their Sunday best, we mounted the steep stone steps of the courthouse to attend a meeting of the Edgefield County Historical Society — not part of the official unveiling but carefully calculated to coincide with it. The courthouse, which dates back to the 1830's, looked like an old Baptist Church with its long wooden pews, its pulpit-like judge's bench, and its choir-loft jury box. The walls — painted the same green you find in filling station restrooms — were hung with portraits of Edgefield County's most distinguished fathers, their sad and severe faces darkened with age, their frames askew as if the building had just been rattled by the 1896 earthquake. At the rear, to the right of the front door, was a more recent portrait of Strom Thurmond, a young man with smooth skin and a balding head. He too had a sober look on his face, as if to reflect the mood of the proceedings that habitually went on inside these four walls.

Then Thurmond himself entered, with his young wife and young children, and for the first time we began to have the sense that we'd been misled. Trimmer than we'd seen him some twelve years ago, he walked with a straight back and a quick step, his head miraculously covered with hair, his face full of color and relatively free of wrinkles. He and his family sat on the second row, patient and submissive as the meeting was called to order.

After the reading of the minutes and the treasurer's report, Rick Booraem, a local high school teacher, spoke briefly about each of the portraits on the wall; and as he talked you suddenly realized that from this tiny rural county, still hiding out from the modern world, had come ten governors of South Carolina, five U.S. Congressmen, and five U.S. Senators. Benjamin Tillman, Preston Brooks, Strom Thurmond. Indeed the more Booraem went on the more you had the odd sensation that the insubstantial spirit which had produced such an extraordinary succession of men had lived a good deal of its life in this room, and even now was stretching itself and yawning somewhere in the audience on this bland October day.

After the meeting had ended, we moved outside and joined the crush of people waiting for the dedication to begin. Clustered there on the square we must have looked like a camp meeting or else guests at a huge country wedding. Then the speeches began.

When Thurmond finally rose we expected to see the hand of time lying heavy on his shoulder. And while he strode to the microphone with a good deal more vigor than most of the other speakers, we knew you could fake it for eight or ten steps but you couldn't fake it for thirty minutes, not on a public platform.

Well, Thurmond took care of any doubts we had in the first sixty seconds. He was incredible. He was magnificent. He stood there in the slant of late autumn sunlight and put together the jigsaw puzzle of time as if he had invented it. He talked about the people who had spoken before him on the platform, remembering their families, their connections, their acts of kindness. He talked about the Historical Society meeting, the woman who was its president, some of the figures on the wall, the people in the crowd whose faces he recognized. He even joked about his age. And he ended with a glance to the future, a charge to the young people of Edgefield County to make something of their lives.

All of this seemed just fine to the home folks standing there under the crepe myrtles — and also to the rest of us, who had somehow forgotten about the votes in the U.S. Senate and were wondering how a man as old as Strom Thurmond could sound so vital and strong and certain of who and where he was.

But the senator soon supplied the answer in what he said: his strength came from something back in that courthouse, from the faces glaring out of those old frames, their eyes fixed with a certitude that is somehow missing from the world outside the narrow boundaries of this county. If the men in the portraits could give their approval to him, as well as the crowds of old friends in the square, then who were we to raise impertinent questions?

Obiter Dicta

Congratulations...

To North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms, for having defeated:
Paul Newman
Ed Asner
Jane Fonda
Lane Kirkland
Barbara Streisand
The Rainbow Coalition
The Gay Caucus
Time and *Newsweek*
N.O.W.
The New York Times
ABC, NBC, CBS and PBS
All the major N.C. daily newspapers
and, incidentally...
Jim Hunt.
It was a good day's work.

The Emperor's New Clothes — 1984 Version

The wisdom and vitality of folk tales are proof that the people are smarter than the philosophers. Take the story of the Emperor's New Clothes...

After the election, sages like John Chancellor, Peter Jennings and Bill Moyers were looking right at Jesse Jackson and Geraldine Ferraro, pretending that both were dressed in the robes of triumph, when in fact all that we innocent children could see was their bare bottoms.

If Jackson had any effect on the campaign at all, it was to spur white registration drives to new heights, while Jackson's own well-publicized efforts were flagging. His job, you may recall, was to deliver the South. The result: the most substantial gains by Southern Republicans in the history of the region — and at every level. Some measure of Jackson's personal efforts could be taken on election eve, when he flew into Columbia, South Carolina, picked up an army of cameramen at the airport, drove in his limousine to the local Housing Project and knocked on exactly four doors in an effort to rouse voters to action. No one was at home; so he drove back to the airport, climbed aboard his plane, and disappeared into the November sunset, while the reporters waved goodbye. The more you think about it, the more revealing the incident becomes.

As for Ferraro, despite the fact that exit polls showed the decidedly negative impact of her candidacy, everyone continued to say that it had been Walter Mondale's brightest move. Shortly after the election she implied even more. By blaming the ticket's failure on her running mate.

Apparently it's up to us to say what seems obvious, what no one else has yet dared to say: Geraldine Ferraro is an extremely unattractive woman. Personally *unattractive.* Loud-mouthed, brassy, and a little "butch." From the beginning, Southerners overwhelmingly disliked her, even many of those feminists who sympathized with the idea of a woman on the ticket. In a region where women have blazed political trails (first governor, first U.S. senator) the Democrats suffered their most extravagant defeat, and the consequences may reach well into the twenty-first century. The press and the Eastern party leaders can continue to claim that The Empress is wearing those clothes if they want to, but we've seen her in the buff and it's enough to make us a little queezy.

Electing A President In 1984

Presidential Debate Number One.
SURVEY SAID: Mondale won — 52%
Reagan won — 48%
MEDIA SAID: Mondale "the Louisville Slugger."
Reagan humiliated. Now we have a real horse race.

Vice-Presidential Debate.
SURVEY SAID: Bush won — 62%
Ferraro won — 38%
MEDIA SAID: Ferraro held her own. Shows she's made of presidential material.

Presidential Debate Number Two.
SURVEY SAID: Reagan won — 58%
Mondale won — 42%
MEDIA SAID: Pretty even. No real winner. Reagan a little better than before.

Presidential Election.
ELECTION SAID: Reagan/Bush — 59%
Mondale/Ferraro — 41%
MEDIA SAID: Not a real policy mandate. Reagan fails to control congress.

The 1984 campaign may have provided occasion for the most biased press coverage in memory. But the good news is that no one believes the media any longer.

From years of experience, Southerners already knew the truculent and narrowly ideological nature of the American press. But now even the Yankees understand. If it were not so that the press has lost its credibility with the American electorate, then President Mondale and Senator Jim Hunt would now be congratulating each other on their fine, progressive victories over the forces of darkness. And John Chancellor would be smiling a lot more than he is these days.

The Right Stuff

The UDC has created a special new award, the Pioneers In Space medal, which will be bestowed on astronauts who have a Confederate ancestor (we have been informed that there are quite a few). The first recipient of this award was Charles Duke, who as a member of the 1972 Apollo 16 flight walked on the moon. We are happy to report this new development from the UDC and proud that the Southern tradition now extends toward heaven.

The Hour of Need

The District of Columbia has denied the real estate tax exemption for the Confederate Memorial Hall, the last remaining shrine to the Confederacy in the nation's capital.

The result is that a back tax bill of $5,116.00 against the Hall has been issued with a statement that should payment not be received in full immediately a tax sale will take place. Shades of the Reconstruction!

Confederate Hall director, John E. Hurley, has appealed to supporters who have helped to reduce the approximate $25,000 back debt of the Hall once again to aid with contributions. One hundred $50.00 contributions will be sufficient to pay the back taxes on the property and assure the survival of this Southern shrine. If you are one of the hundred, contributions should be mailed to:

Confederate Memorial Association
1322 Vermont Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20005

The Confederate Memorial Association is nonprofit, so all contributions are tax deductible.

The Bishops' Dilemma

Roman Catholic and Episcopal bishops are faced with a dilemma after the recent bombast concerning the separation of church and state: should they continue to talk about politics and allow Jerry Falwell to do the same, or should they admit that such pronouncements are meddling rather than preaching? Their predictable answer: neither.

The way the bishops see it, Falwell is only talking about a "single" issue like abortion or school prayer and is therefore meddling. They, on the other hand, are talking about "a broad spectrum of issues," a practice which is not only permissible but downright godly. In making such a casuistical argument, the bishops have again proven that Christian clergy today are the most ill-educated and dull-witted in the two-thousand year history of the church.

But we needn't worry about every new proclamation of unlettered opinion. Laymen stopped listening to those folks about 30 years ago.

Ernest Tubb, Rest In Peace

In September, Ernest Tubb died at the age of 70, and those of us who have followed country music over the years felt a sudden autumn chill in the air, as if to prove the predictions that we're in for colder and colder winters. Tubb had performed at the Grand Ole Opry for forty years from 1942 until 1982, beginning at the Ryman Auditorium, where country people would line up for hours every Saturday — their lunches in brown paper sacks, babies nursing at mama's breast — just to see and hear Tubb and other performers like Roy Acuff, Eddie Arnold, Little Jimmy Dickens, Uncle Dave Macon, Minnie Pearl, and (later on) Red Foley, Jim Reeves, and of course Hank Williams.

In those days country music was primarily Southern in appeal and was held in contempt by the slick Tin Pan Alley crowd who would occasionally put out satiric records, mimicking the steel guitar twang of the country bands and the down-home nasal accents of the singers. Yet during the Thirties and Forties, when the most successful pop vocalists like Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra were having a difficult time selling 200,000 copies of a record, Tubb and his Grand Ole Opry buddies were selling that many with every new song.

One of the reasons, of course, was because they knew their audience — not just through surveys and fan mail but knew them first-hand — personally — eyeball to eyeball. When Ernest Tubb finished the Opry on Saturday night he would go down to his record shop, open the doors, and he and his friends would perform for free while fans crowded inside and found themselves squeezed up against someone they'd seen two hours earlier on stage at Ryman — maybe Kitty Wells or Lefty Frizzell or George Jones.

Most of the Opry stars went to church the next day; it was just a part of the world they'd grown up in and had sung about. But Monday they'd be out on the road, doing one-night stands all over the Southeast and Texas. You'd hear about it on Saturday night when the Solemn Ole Judge would say, "Monday Ernest and the boys will be appearing in Memphis at the Red Barn, Tuesday he'll be in Shreveport at the high school auditorium, Wednesday . . . . "

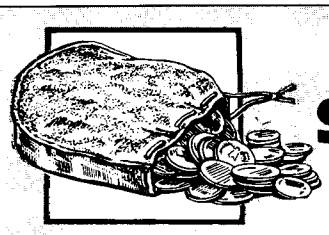
This kind of schedule was rough on Opry performers, but it was essential to them if they wanted to keep in close contact with their people.

But there was another side benefit to those trips into the country: you were constantly reminded that the world hadn't changed much in the small towns, in the real South which began just 15 miles from the city limits of Nashville. If Belle Meade was full of new-rich Yankees and if some of the local people had started to run with that crowd, you could play Dixon or Fayetteville on Tuesday night and know that there were still Tennesseans who believed that if you loved a woman you gave her a "Little Ole Band of Gold" and who got tears in their eyes when the gospel quartet sang "The Old Rugged Cross. " At least you saw people like that throughout the region as late as the Sixties. Then everything went to pieces.

For Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry it was a time of rapid growth and undreamed-of wealth. The imps and creeps of Tin Pan alley, outflanked by rock and roll, came South and took over country music. Like everything else they touched during that period, it became brash and a little dirty (although, as Bill Koon noted in an earlier *Southern Partisan* article, not as dirty as the rest of popular music).

And maybe that was because of a few performers like Ernest Tubb, who stood for the old fashioned beliefs and the old fashioned way of behaving. Make no mistake about it — Ernest Tubb was a *good* man. All the nice things that his friends said about him after he died were true.

The trouble is that Tubb and others like him are not being replaced by performers of the same character and stature; and country music itself has been transformed into another commodity to be hawked to an increasingly jaded market. We don't want to make too much of this; we're not talking about anything as important as the Elizabethan theater or LaScala, but country music is the last American hope for a popular culture that is traditional and decent in its sensibilities. Ernest Tubb represented that kind of tough, country goodness more than anyone in the business. His passing may be one sign that we are coming to the end of an era. And thoughts like that have us *all* walking the floor.



The Scalawag Award

Our Scalawag Award this time goes to Vice President George Bush, despite the fact that there's an argument among our editorial staff as to whether or not he's eligible. Bush, who was born in New England, moved to Texas and bought a congressional seat with Connecticut money. But he *says* he is a Texan. So we'll take his word for it and give him our Scalawag Award.

We're not giving it to George because of his support of gun control laws or Wade vs. Rowe or affirmative action because he claims he's changed his mind on some of these issues, and we believe in redemption. But what he said almost in passing to Ms. Ferraro in their televised debate was another matter.

While Mr. Bush was in the process of kicking Ms. Ferraro's little assertions all over the place, he couldn't resist a gratuitous blast at the South. Probably out of habit from long association with the Rockefeller wing of the GOP, Bush boasted that the Reagan Administration had rammed through a new Voting Rights Act that was "much more stringent" than the one the Democrats had passed a few years back. It was a curious insult to the region he now calls home, and it must not go unanswered.

Let's be perfectly clear about this: we're not objecting to this measure because it was designed to protect the suffrage of blacks. If we thought for a minute that infractions were likely to take place we'd reconsider the whole matter.

But Bush would admit privately that no such thing has happened in Texas in decades and he'd be hard-pressed to find a precinct anywhere in the South so segregated or as subject to discrimination as most any street in downtown Chicago (where the Voting Rights Act does *not* apply — remember it binds only the South). The Yankees in the Senate who know about the South from reading *Time* and listening to the *CBS Evening News* can be forgiven, perhaps, for believing that blacks in the South are being beaten with chains to keep them away from the voting booth. Southerners know instead that blacks are being hauled to the polls in Mack trucks, shoved into booths, and told by-god to vote, early and often.

Yet self-styled Southerner George Bush boasts about a measure which applies only to his own region and which provides for penalties *even when there's no proof that violations have occurred*. In other words, you're guilty until you're proven innocent — if you're Southern.

Sometimes you wonder how long the Yankees can keep the blacks in America from looking at the plight of Northern cities like Boston, Chicago, and New York. Well, the answer is easy this year: as long as people like George Bush continue to sell out their own constituencies in exchange for shabby respectability at the better Washington clubs.

"George, tell us one more ugly story about the folks down South and we'll buy you another drink."

Publisher's Note

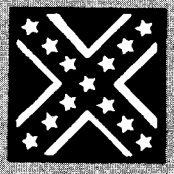
The Southern Partisan has received another encomium: the Commander-in-Chief's award given by the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) for the most outstanding periodical of 1984.

We are proud to accept this recognition of excellence from a fine organization which has striven mightily throughout the years to preserve Southern values and tradition. Now by its acknowledgment of the important role the *Partisan* is playing in disseminating these ideas to a nationwide audience, the SCV undertakes the more difficult but vitally necessary task of the intellectual defense of our heritage. We are most appreciative of this signal honor and shall continue to strive for excellence in the fostering of Southern values.

—CSH

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

For membership information write
General William D. McCain
Box 5164, Southern Station
Hattiesburg, MS 39401



PROCLAIM YOUR HERITAGE

THE PARTISAN DICTIONARY

Parasite = A being which lives by draining others. Modern medicine keeps reducing their numbers, while modern law provides new ones.

Reactionary = One who seeks to return society to an earlier state. The best example is a negotiator trying to end a war.

Mole = A blind animal whose main preoccupation is dirt.

Secret Police = The most obvious and well-known force in any police state. They have uniforms to prove their identity. Non-Secret police are less ostentatious.

Lawyer = A conscience for hire.

Hick = One who can live without cities. No city can live without hicks.

—Robert W. Whitaker

NOW AVAILABLE

The controversial underground best-seller -- not for the squeamish. A chilling novel of the end of the Western world through Third World immigration.

THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS

by Jean Raspail

A million Third Worlders board a flotilla of rusting ships and set sail for France, determined to seize a share of the West's prosperity. The rest of the Third World waits, ready to follow. Does the West have the determination and the will to resist?

A fantasy when first published in 1972, world events have made Raspail's frightening vision of the near future a reality today.

Hardcover edition - $10.00 postpaid

What the critics said about **The Camp of the Saints:**

"The liberal reviewers killed it with ridicule or with silence. The plot was intolerable to them . . . our children and grandchildren may soon discover that Jean Raspail wrote not fiction, but fact."
James J. Kilpatrick, Columnist

". . . a haunting book . . . ."
William F. Buckley

". . . One of the major works of our time . . . . The book is a sensation and Raspail a prize-winner. . . . Raspail is a tremendous rhetorician, his disdain boiling from the page in a torrent . . . ."
Jeffrey Hart, Professor of English, Dartmouth College, and Senior Editor, **National Review**

". . . appalling power and occasionally a terrible beauty . . . . It confronts the white West with dreads from its deep unconscious."
Edmund Fuller, **Wall Street Journal**

"Raspail expresses his anger in vivid, cutting scenes."
Harper's Bookletter

"The Camp of the Saints is the **Brave New World** of the 70s, the work of a writer whose power is unquestionable. It will attract thoughtful readers."
Germaine Bree

". . . a cautionary tale . . . ."
New York Times Book Review

"This is an apocalyptic novel . . . a dissection of the erosion of Western culture."
Library Journal

☐ Please send me _____ copies of **The Camp of the Saints** at $10.00 each, postpaid.

☐ I enclose $ _____ as a tax-deductible contribution to The Institute for Western Values to help place **The Camp of the Saints** in schools and libraries.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Make checks payable and mail orders to:
The Institute for Western Values • P.O. Box 11463 • Alexandria, VA 22312

The Last Agrarian Essays

INTRODUCTION

According to all predictions, *I'll Take My Stand* — the so-called "Agrarian Manifesto" — should be out of print now, a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore in an age devoted to cultured cities and universal prosperity. Instead, the book is still in print and selling briskly.

Every Southerner should read this collection of essays, if only to find out why conservatism in this region is essentially different from the conservatism of the Northeast and the national Republican Party. The more you think about that question the more complicated it becomes; because in the 1920's and 1930's it was the Southern "liberals" or "progressives" who were full of uncritical admiration for big business and dynamic capitalism, while the Agrarians, regarded as "ultra-conservatives," believed that big business, like big government, is dangerous by definition.

Few if any New South advocates seemed to know or care about the misdeeds of Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, or the infamous Jay Gould. They only wished that the Gilded Age could be repeated in the South of the twentieth century, with all the woods and pasture lands paved over and crowded with buildings that poured smoke into the sky. Smoke meant money, and money meant progress, and you can't fight progress.

The Agrarians, who quite properly identified the moving force in the New South as the spirit of greed, didn't believe that there was any such thing as progress, only a bad nineteenth-century idea which too many Southerners had made too much of in the wake of a devastating defeat. Contrary to what their critics said, they were not opposed to all industry. Indeed, they said that some manufacturing in the region would be a natural and even desirable complement to farming, which they rightly recognized as not merely a means of livelihood, but a way of life. What they denounced was a chamber-of-commerce mentality which indiscriminately solicited any and all industry in order to put more money into a few local pockets.

They said that urbanization would destroy the family; it has. They said that it would severely undermine religion; it has. They said it would eventually corrupt the idea of love and pervert the relationship between the sexes; it has. They said it would eliminate good manners; it has. They said it would turn the countryside into an ugly and blighted waste; it has. And the "progressives," the liberals, the New South advocates said industrialization would cure all our ills; it hasn't.

Along the way some of the twelve original contributors to *I'll Take My Stand* defected, gave in to the spirit of the age or else went on to other pursuits. Two, however, remained in the South and never changed their minds about what they had originally written. One was poet, historian, and social critic Donald Davidson, who remained at Vanderbilt University (Agrarian headquarters) and taught several generations of students to be good Southerners.

The other was novelist, historian, and critic Andrew Lytle, who finished a distinguished academic career as editor of *The Sewanee Review,* America's oldest and most distinguished literary quarterly. Davidson died in 1968. Lytle is living in Sewanee, Tennessee: and at 82, he is still writing important essays.

In order to give our readers something of the flavor of Agrarian thought, we are publishing two of the most important essays ever to appear in this magazine. The first, by Andrew Lytle, was delivered as a speech and was published in a limited edition of 300 copies by a small press in Dallas. We are pleased and proud to offer it now to a wider readership.

The second essay, by Donald Davidson, was the last he ever wrote. It has never before been published.

We can only say in addition that both Davidson and Lytle are significant American literary figures, and that in all likelihood this edition of *The Southern Partisan* will someday be valuable to collectors, so you might want to make a special effort to save it.

Reflections Of A Ghost

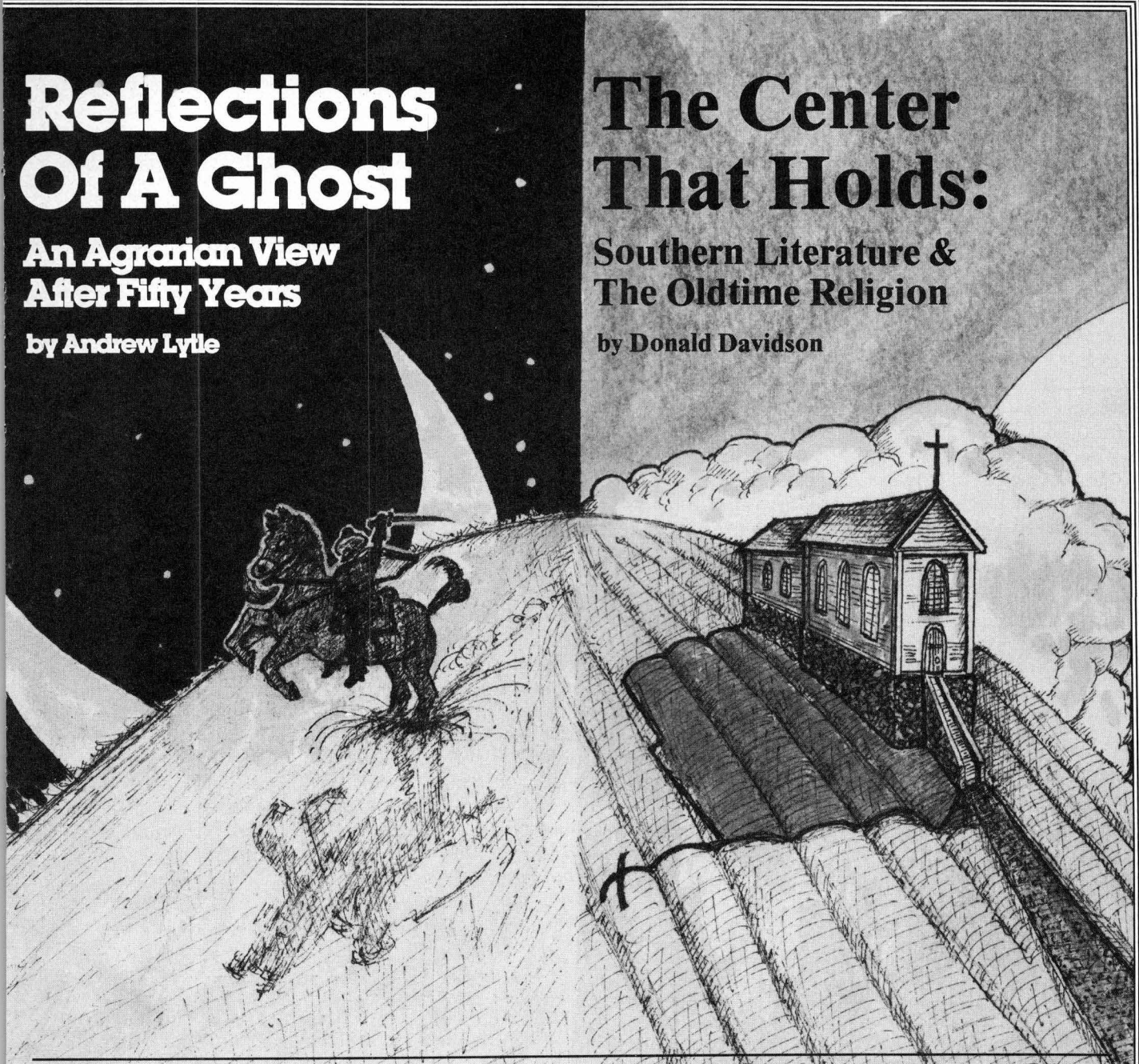
An Agrarian View After Fifty Years

by Andrew Lytle

The Center That Holds:

Southern Literature & The Oldtime Religion

by Donald Davidson



Of the twelve agrarians who wrote the symposium *I'll Take My Stand,* only three are alive: Robert Penn Warren, the poet and novelist, Lyle Lanier, a psychologist and former executive vice-president of the University of Illinois, and myself, a writer and reader of fiction. I don't presume to speak either for Warren or Lanier, and I don't know how to address myself to myself in the past tense. Perhaps I am not here at all. Secretly I've had the feeling I was killed at the Battle of Brice's Cross Roads, taking the bullet meant for General Forrest. You understand it was Forrest who, if he'd been let, could have been decisive in winning the war of the Northern Rebellion. Too often Confederate forces won the field only to retreat later on. Brice's Cross Roads, fought in Mississippi, was a perfect battle. It should be an example of such in the text books of

Continued on page 24

During a chilly week in March while winter still threatened, I bethought myself that it was Lent and that I ought to choose some reading proper to the lean and crabbed season. What would best mortify my too, too Southern flesh? What would be The Great Society's equivalent of a medieval hair-shirt? The decision was easy. I picked out the most uncomfortable chair in the house and, sitting puritanically upright, began once more to read the *new* Southern historians — those of the so-called "Revisionist" School. I was looking for a suitable kind of pain — and pretty soon I got it. But, after all, this was no new experience for a Southerner — to be told for the hundredth time that Confederate heroes might sometimes be less than heroic or that the Reconstruction period was not — not *really* — the "Tragic Era", but was instead a kind of

Continued on page 18

The person who is born of a traditional society, if he is not corrupted, will act as a whole person in all his acts, including his literary acts. The truth of experience that fills his emotional being is not at war with the truth of his intellectual judgments, but the two, as he writes, are one.

Continued from page 17

lovely prologue to Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. I began to yawn and would soon have fallen asleep if I had not stumbled upon Mr. C. Van Woodward's essay, "The Historical Dimension," and found him saying in his very first sentence that it is "high time for some historian...to make his bow to Southern men of letters." A little further on I read this: "What is really needed is some acknowledgment of the genuine debt the historians owe to the poets, playwrights, and novelists ...[of the contemporary South]."

What a sensation! To find one of the most revisionist of the Southern revisionist historians tossing bouquets instead of brickbats at the new Southern literature! It was a miracle! It was almost as if Ralph McGill should suddenly come out for segregation. Was Mr. Woodward, then, defecting from the Southern Liberals? Was he rejoining the Confederate States?

That would be saying too much. Nevertheless the little book in which Mr. Woodward publishes his sensational essay — a book called *The Burden of Southern History* — is dedicated to Robert Penn Warren, who is not only a member of the "Fugitive Group" of Southern poets, but bears the additional stigma (to a Liberal eye) of being, or at least having been, one of the twelve Southern "Agrarians" who in 1930 contributed to *I'll Take My Stand.* Mr. Warren's contribution was a very thoughtfully Southern essay on the Negro's problems in a high industrialized civilization. In his own essay Mr. Woodward agrees with Allen Tate about the cause of the South's recent success in literature. The basic cause, he says, is in "the peculiarly historical consciousness of the Southern writer." That historical consciousness, Mr. Woodward thinks, "is the secret spring of creative energies that has fed the whole literary movement in the South during the last three decades." That is what differentiates Southern writers — and the South itself — from the rest of the country. People in the novels of Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis "appear from nowhere, trailing no clouds of history, dissociated from the past." In the novels of Hemingway the lack of historical sense or even historical perspective is even more marked. The Hemingway characters are invariably pictured as expatriates, as wanderers, as soldiers or adventurers...A Hemingway character with a grandfather is inconceivable."

But to read the new Southern writers, beginning in the nineteen-thirties, was "to enter upon a new world of the imagination, a world in which the historical imagination played a supreme part."

When Mr. Woodward uses the term "historical imagination," I am sure he is not referring to the "historical novel," or not to that alone. He is referring — and I am certainly referring — to an all-pervasive quality, to the quality of the creative mind of poet or novelist or dramatist as it approaches any subject, the contemporary subject no less than the subject that comes from the near past or the distant past.

And this is a quality of the new Southern literature that I wish briefly to explore with you. I offer it not merely as a characteristic of the new Southern literature, but I also affirm it, once it is properly described, as a principle of art in every field of art and indeed as a principle of life. I am glad to have Mr. Woodward's declaration as a sort of *visa* on my Southern literary passport, if such is needed. But the country that we now enter is my native own, and yours, as much as his.

I hope you will indulge me if I now once more fit to my bowstring an arrow or two that I shot sixteen years ago.

In 1950, at a meeting of the Southern Literary Festival at Mississippi State College, I said, in effect, that the historical consciousness of the Southern writer is indeed one of the notable features of the traditional society that has continued to survive, even to flourish, in the South, while in the North and West it has been destroyed or stifled by the complete dominance of science, industrialism, and materialism — which are features of the anti-traditional or so-called progressive society. In a traditional society the present is continuous with the past. The connection of present with past is far richer than is represented by the logical sequence that a historian may seek to discover and to document. Affection, kinship, piety, and above all, religious belief shape the long continuities of time and place into transcendent memory. In contrast, modern progressive society insists more and more upon discontinuity. Each day, calendared and clocked, in terms of mere logical convenience, destroys its yesterday and in its turn is destroyed by its tomorrow. Persons become functions of the progressive whirl — specialists, pieces of men. Despite its humanitarian professions and idealistic promises, the anti-traditional society has some highly dangerous if not deadly features: for example, its rapid, ever-accelerating *rate* of change, its self-destructiveness, irresponsibility, vulgarity, disorder, its tendency to large-scale wreckage and brutality. But let me describe the traditional society as I described it in Mississippi, sixteen years ago, with particular reference to the Southern writer:

> *The person who is born of a traditional society, if he is not corrupted, will act as a whole person in all his acts, including his literary acts. The truth of experience that fills his emotional being is not at war with the truth of his intellectual judgments, but the two, as he writes, are one. His apprehension of this subject matter, which is intuitive and comes from "knowledge carried to the heart", moves hand in hand with his composition, which derives from his intellectual judgment, his sense of fitness and order. Thus an act as cold-blooded as deliberate literary composition must be, is redeemed and assisted by the warm-blooded know-*

Old-time religion is surely something that needs little explanation to a Southern audience. There are numerous ways in which it acts upon literature. One of the most obvious and notable is the recovery, in the novels of Faulkner and Warren in particular, of the idea of man as an imperfect creature possessing free will, capable of choosing between good and evil regardless of heredity and environment.

ledge of the heart. It is natural for a Southerner to compose in this way...

It is also natural for him to see men in their total capacity as persons and to see things in all their rich particularity as things and to understand that the relationships between persons and persons, and between persons and things, are more complex and more unpredictable than any scientific textbook invites one to think...His traditional society has taught him to look at the world in such a way. It has also impressed upon him that the world is both good and evil. Toward nature, toward his fellow creatures, toward the historic past, he has learned to exercise that piety which Mr. Richard Weaver has praised as the virtue most needed in the modern world.

Thus it is that in the moment of self-consciousness the Southern writer is able to bring to bear not only his personal view, but also the total metaphysic of his society.

But "metaphysic" is a philosophical term. And Richard Weaver has noted, quite correctly, that the South does not go in for philosophy in a formal and systematic way. The Southern philosophy is more of a religion than a philosophy. In fact, it is the Oldtime Religion that in the familiar song "was good for Paul and Silas/and it's good enough for me!" Richard Weaver, in the article to which I have been referring, puts it in another way but means the same thing. Weaver says that the Southerner's nature is to distrust analysis. "It is his habit to see things as forms or large configurations, and he senses that the process of breaking these down (which is nearly always carried on for some practical purpose) somehow proves fatal to the truth of the whole." And the Southerner in this natural preference is in line with a great tradition. "We have only to recall," says Weaver, "that in the achievements of the world's cultures, the work of analysis is fairly late and is somehow specialized. The form in which the messages of the great religions come ...is seldom if ever analytical...The evidence is overwhelming that synthesis is the way of religion and art and that analysis is the way of science and business, and this distinction underlies a wide range of Southern attitudes and choices. The typical Southerner is an authentically religious being if one means by religion not a neat set of moralities but a deep and even frightening intuition of man's radical dependence in this world... it causes him to demur at the analysis of life, or love, or war, or any other large subject. What he wants is a picture of it, in which the whole is somehow greater than the analyzable parts."

Or — if I might now make application of this view — if the South from the time of the Reconstruction of 1865-1876 had universally adopted and applied the views then prevailing at the North — if the South had destroyed its traditional society, utterly and forthwith, and lost all historical consciousness, there would have been no such writers as have today excited Mr. Vann Woodward's attention. If in this new Reconstruction that we are now enduring, a hundred years after the first, we should accept and apply the advice being given by the new apostles of discontinuity and destruction, we shall have no more writers like Faulkner, Tate, Cabell, Glasgow, Warren, Ransom, Katherine Anne Porter (to name but a few); but our novelists will be the fiction-writing parallels of Ralph McGill and Harry Ashmore; and our poets of some new Beatnik school will be practicing their Southern versions of *Howl.*

Instead of such degeneration we have come — as I said back in 1950 — "to the moment of self-consciousness...the moment when a writer awakes to realize what he and his people truly are, in comparison with what they are being urged to become. And what does this mean? It means that the Southerner (or any other member of a traditional society, even a fragment of one) does not have to labor to learn some things. We already know, from the start, *who we are, where we are, where we belong, what we live by, what we live for.* That priceless inheritance is something given to us. But in the thoroughly modernized, anti-traditional society, it is not given; it can be achieved, if at all, only after long struggle. It is exactly what the apostles of the new Reconstruction, in the pseudo-scientific language of the modern power-state, are saying we must *not* have, must give up if we do have it.

But we have not given it up. And so our moments of self-consciousness may become moments of deepest remembrance that lead to the life of the imagination — the poem, the story, the play, the novel. Yet the writer's imagination only brings into significant form the life of our people who have cherished, through long tradition and rich custom, what makes such imagination possible. In 1903 the great Irish writer, William Butler Yeats, wrote this of the people of the Galway plains:

> There is still in truth upon these great level plains a people, a community bound together by imaginative possessions, by poems and stories which have grown out of its own life, and by a past of great passions which can still waken the heart to imaginative action. One could still, if one had the genius, and had been born Irish, write for these people plays and poems like those of Greece... England or any other country which takes its tunes from the great cities and gets its taste from schools and not from old custom, may have a mob, but it cannot have a people...A people alone are a great river; and where a people has died, a nation is about to die.

So said Yeats, and what he said came true for Ireland and for William Butler Yeats. Between the Ireland of Yeats and the South of the past three or four decades there is, I would say, a stirring likeness. We too have been and still are a community bound together by ima-

It is not in the Southerner's character to hate another man because that man has a great deal more of the world's goods than he has or is ever likely to have. He is not now and never has been a leveller... From his point of view there is nothing written in the original bill of things which says that the substance of the world must be distributed equally.

ginative possessions — a people that has not yet died, a community that, though shaken, battered, and maimed, still lives as a community. What binds us together is in some considerable measure what bound the Irish people through the centuries. I remember the very words of the Irish poet George William Russell ("AE"), friend of Yeats, when he stood before a Nashville audience many years ago — the ladies of the Centennial Club and their guests who had come together to surprise Russell with a birthday celebration in his honor. "I will tell you," said he (in a fine impromptu speech after the presentation of the birthday cake), "why Ireland has a great literature. Because we were poor; because we were backward; because we were downtrodden and oppressed; because we loved our country; because we were religious." And, hearing that beloved poet as he towered before us with his great brown beard and mighty shoulders, I felt then as I feel now that he might be speaking for Tennessee, for Virginia, for all the besieged, invaded South, no less than for County Sligo, the River Shannon, Dublin, Tara's halls.

I tell you what I know by word of mouth as much as by paper and print. I am led to remember how stories and poems start, when they spring from that moment of self-consciousness to which I have referred. What passes from memory to memory, without benefit of the historian's record, is as old in time as the memories that it expresses, and if it is accepted it endures as long as the land and people that accept it.

A section of *The Tall Men* — which I first published in 1927 — is by this measure about a hundred years old, for it embodies what my grandmother told me — my grandmother who was a girl in her late teens, in Chapel Hill, Tennessee, during the Federal occupation of the eighteen-sixties. She saw her young friends, Confederate soldiers in uniform, captured and shot down in cold blood by Federal troopers. She saw them lined up by the roadside, and the rifles levelled. She heard the shots and saw them fall — all but one who broke away and ran — and then was shot, too. She helped "lay out" the bodies for burial. And she told me about it, one day, when I was a child at her home. Later, when I was endeavoring to define, in a series of long poems, the relationship of a modern Southerner to his past, I remembered what my grandmother had told me and made it part of a poem ("The Sod of Battlefields", in *The Tall Men*).

All of us in the South do a great deal of this kind of remembering, within the circle of family and close friends. With a little help from written records — family papers, books, all that we somehow accumulate — we project our memories far back. In another poem of mine, in which I try to visualize a colonial ancestor, I deal with this process of memory:

I cannot see him plain, that far-off sire
Who notched the first oak on this western hill,
And the bronze tablet cannot tell what fire
Kindled his immigrant eye and drove his will;
But in the hearthside tale his rumor grows
As voice to voice into the folkchain melts
And clamor of danger brings the lost kin close.

To see how the folkchain of memory binds us together and comes into dramatic being in story or novel at some unexpected moment, I would offer Andrew Lytle's novel, *The Long Night,* as a distinguished example. From Mr. Lytle's own account we know that the idea of the novel came to him from a Southern historian, his good friend the late Frank Lawrence Owsley. In a prologue to the novel, written in the form of a letter in August, 1936, and printed with the book, Mr. Lytle says:

Frank Owsley, Esquire
Dear Frank:

It has been over a year now since you told me the story of your Uncle Dink. You had stopped over at Cornsilk, you will remember, on your way to South Alabama, and we were sitting on the porch in the cool of the evening waiting for supper. It would be hard to say exactly what started you on the history of his exploits. It may have been that your journey to the old neighborhood brought it to mind. But I like to think that stories come naturally at such a time and such a place, for certainly if it be true that the crowded town is necessary to the arts as a place where the artist may mingle with other artists and learn the conscious practice of his craft, I am sure it is no less true that but for the country there would be few good stories left to tell.

The question of form of course arises, and with it theories of art and the disciplines and techniques demanded by the arts. But here I am speaking about the richness of the sources of art that we command because of the long presence in the South of a traditional community where, as Mr. Lytle says, "stories come naturally...the tall tales of a winter's evening or the discussion through the hot afternoon of the idiosyncrasies of some kinsman, now long dead."

What comes naturally in the South and in the Ireland of Yeats may be difficult elsewhere. But we know from the example of T.S. Eliot that the historical consciousness may be highly valued and ardently cultivated, eventually with distinguished results, even though the society in which the writer emerges is not much more than the "Waste Land" of Eliot's famous poem — that is to say, a civilization that is over-civilized and on the down grade, decadent, no longer in any true sense a society. Very likely the realization — or revelation — that his society has become or is becoming a "waste land" is what impels a writer like Eliot to develop or seek to develop a historical consciousness, in order that he may better function as an artist and, in redeeming himself, also do something toward redeeming his barren society. But in the end there is no redemption without religion. That

Southerners do not have to labor to learn some things. We already know, from the start,* who we are, where we are, where we belong, what we live by, what we live for. *that priceless inheritance is something given to us. But in the thoroughly modernized, anti-traditional society, it is not given; it can be achieved, if at all, only after long struggle.

is as true for Eliot as for all others, as his career proves. Note that first he approaches his problem by way of literary tradition as such, in his famous essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," published in 1919, a year after the close of World War I. In that same year of 1919, Yeats composed his remarkable poem, "The Second Coming" — surely one of the greatest of modern poems — with its prophetic lines:

> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned!
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

Eliot, thinking at first of the literary problem in a rather secular way, declares that tradition "cannot be inherited. If you want it you must obtain it by great labor." Here is the central, often quoted passage of his essay:

> It involves, in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to any one who would continue to write poetry after his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a *feeling* that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order.

Observe that Eliot says the writer must *feel* that the literary tradition of Western civilization, from Homer on, exists in his own present. He does not say that a writer must at every turn display his knowledge of that literature, as misguided imitators of Eliot have sometimes seemed to think. It is the feeling in the bones that counts. That is what Eliot says. And that is the way the South thinks about the past. It is the way the Southern writers praised by Mr. Woodward evidently think. But it seems clear that Eliot himself did not at first have that feeling. He had to struggle to acquire it — to cultivate in himself what ought to have come as an inheritance, what the Southern writers already had by a kind of natural right. To ally himself with tradition Eliot, born in St. Louis of New England Unitarian stock, had to go from New England to Old England, renounce his American citizenship, and become a British citizen. In his critical essays and, much more dramatically, in his poems, from *The Waste Land* through *The Hollow Men* and *Ash Wednesday,* to his *Four Quartets,* we may trace his long and painful Pilgrim's Progress, his spiritual and artistic struggle to "redeem the time" — that is, to achieve his purpose, openly declared in 1928, to be "classicist in literature, royalist in politics [by which he meant "temperate conservatism"], and Anglo-Catholic in religion." And now — the poet who seemed unintelligible in the nineteen-twenties has become teacher, leader, and sage for two generations of artists and intellectuals. Eliot the poet, not very long ago, spoke to an audience of 16,000 in a stadium in Minnesota. Eliot the dramatist has restored verse to the theatre; he has conquered Broadway. The voice of Eliot the Anglo-Catholic in religion, the conservative in politics, the classicist in literature is heard throughout the world.

I am proposing — in fact I am insisting — through reference to these notable examples, Yeats in Ireland, Eliot in England and America — that we of the South have great allies, great comrades in our sense of tradition that elsewhere, if it existed, has been lost through neglect or deliberately destroyed, or (worst fate of all) vulgarized by cheap commercialism. The renewal of belief, the sense of belonging, the blessing of true community — qualities nourished in a traditional society, are our most precious assets. Without them, literature declines and dies. It is the new traditionalists — Yeats, Eliot, some of the Southern writers, and others like them — who are the only substantial counterforce in our time to decadent realism, decadent naturalism, cheap and often vicious sensationalism.

It may seem that I have said too little of the "old-time religion", but that is surely something that needs little explanation to a Southern audience. There are numerous ways in which it acts upon literature. One of the most obvious and notable is the recovery, in the novels of Faulkner and Warren in particular, of the idea of man as an imperfect creature possessing free will, capable of choosing between good and evil regardless of heredity and environment, an individual responsible in the end for his spiritual condition. This means, among other things, that the novel in the hands of such writers can take on tragic dimensions. There is no shifting of blame to society as the guilty party, as Theodore Dreiser seems to shift it in his large novel that he misnames *An American Tragedy.* Determinism of the sort practiced by Zola and his modern successors has virtually no place in Southern fiction or poetry. Faulkner's rejection of the Rousseauistic — and now socialistic — idea of man as innately good has received much critical discussion, as has the general Southern assumption of "original sin," whether taken in a Calvinistic or other meaning, and I will not dwell on this topic.

I prefer the more affirmative approach used by Louise Cowan in her recent discussion of "The *'Pietas'* in Southern Poetry" especially a passage in which, summarizing Christopher Dawson, she notes that "as a community adapts itself to a way of life a conciliation of the divine and the human orders may be effected within it."

> In such a society [she writes] economic, moral, and aesthetic patterns, transformed by a kind of grace, lose their exclusively secular character and begin to assume a sacredness within the community;

What comes naturally in the South and in the Ireland of Yeats may be difficult elsewhere. Historical consciousness may be highly valued and ardently cultivated, eventually with distinguished results, even though the society in which the writer emerges is over-civilized and on the down grade, decadent, no longer in any true sense a society.

and loyalty between members of the community rests on this essentially metaphysical basis. Men do not bow to each other but to the divine as it manifests itself in their communal life. Such an attitude is what the Romans called *pietas,* reverence before the gods and one's ancestors. It is not a conception very likely to be understood today. Nevertheless, one might conceivably argue that any genuine culture possesses this *pietas,* and possesses it with good reason; it represents a people's awareness of the twofold nature of human society.

If the other view mentioned — that places man as a free agent capable of either good or evil, and responsible for his choice between them — if that view makes possible the writing of tragic works, this second view allows for the high comedy that is the counterpart of tragedy. But I am here interested in emphasizing the fact that in the traditional society described by Mrs. Cowan even economic objects take on something of a sacred character. The divine element is thus interfused throughout the human and secular element, not separated from it. And this gives a basis for everyday manners, for the domestic and utilitarian arts, for common human intercourse no less than for public architecture, whether civil or religious, and the ritual of divine worship itself.

Finally, there is that aspect of Southern religiousness that is truly first in order of importance; submission to the mystery of life and the will of God. *Remember thy Creator.* For generation after generation these words from the Twelfth Chapter of *Ecclesiastes* have been bedded deep in the mind and soul of the South. From this piety arises the Southerner's acceptance of nature as in the last analysis inscrutable and unconquerable — as Richard Weaver so happily says: "not something to make over or change; it is something for him to come to terms with."

> The world is God-given [writes Weaver]; its mysteries are not supposed to be fully revealed; and the only possible course in the long run is to accommodate oneself to its vast pulsations. Thus nature is seen as providential, and even its harsher aspects must be regarded as having ends that we do not fully comprehend. In a word, the Southerner reveres original creation...[For this reason] the Yankee's effort to become complete master of his environment appears to the Southerner an effrontery against an order which is divinely provided and which, in the total outcome, is not going to be improved by busy human schemes.

The Northerner, in contrast, as Weaver points out, is "a child of the Enlightenment...his religion is to do good, and his own mind is his church." This tendency leads, of course, to an opposition between "works" and "faith." The Northerner chooses "works" and judges things, people, institutions by that standard. The Southerner, while not altogether neglecting "works," leans strongly toward "faith" in his preference — if "faith" and "works" are to be set in opposition. As a Christian, he is pretty much of an Old Testament man and mixes a good deal of Hebraism with his Hellenism and his devout Christianity. There are certain material and political disadvantages in this emphasis, especially in times when "liberalism" has come to mean looseness in all departments of life. But — again I refer to Richard Weaver — what the South loses by remembering its Creator as well as its history it gains in its freedom from the sin of envy: "It is not in [the Southerner's] character to hate another man because that man has a great deal more of the world's goods than he has or is ever likely to have. He is not now and never has been a leveller...From his point of view there is nothing written in the original bill of things which says that the substance of the world must be distributed equally...The modern impulse which elevates envy into a principle of social action...is thus completely foreign to his tradition."

This being a deeply founded Southern trait, it should be easy to understand why trade unionism has not been favored in the South as in the North; and much light is shed upon the South's strong resistance to integration of the races. It is not the kind of light, however, that we may expect the government at Washington to see, as long as this country tolerates the present Supreme Court and others in high office, blinded by their own conceit.

That blindness goes far back in history. For illustrative purposes I shall here place it only as far back as March 4, 1933. In that spring season of thirty-three years ago, my wife and I, with our thirteen-year-old daughter, were in effect "refugees" in Marshallville, Georgia, after a siege of disaster during the hard times of the Great Depression. We were in Marshallville as the guests, more or less, of my friend the late John Donald Wade and his mother, Ida Frederick Wade. And on that March day of 1933 Miss Ida had invited us to sit by the fire in her great old house and listen to the inauguration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as President of the United States. We heard the bugles play the President's March, and we heard that voice, soon to become so famous, say, among other things: "You have nothing to fear but fear itself!" Those were words, I believe, that could not possibly have occurred to any true Southerner to say on that occasion or any occasion. For he would have known from childhood that there are certain fears we cannot do without, and most of all in times of tribulation and crisis the one remembered from the ending of the lesson in the Twelfth Chapter of *Ecclesiastes*: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for that is the whole duty of man."

The saying of Roosevelt is the glib slogan of the Social Welfare State when the center no longer holds and modern bureaucracy takes over all power. The faith of the South, which rests on the fear of God, is what makes a people great. It is the only center that holds.

Reflections of a Ghost Andrew Lytle
continued from page 17

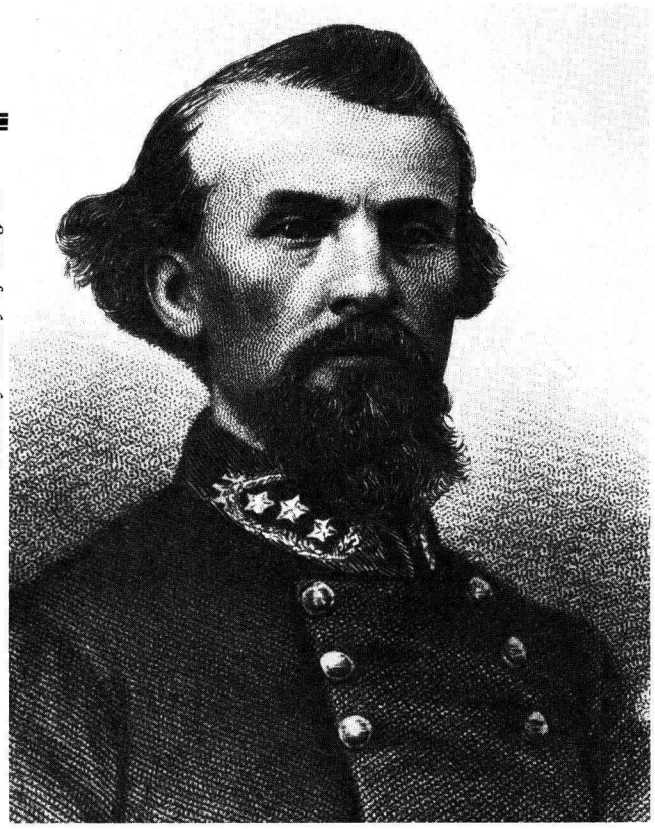
war colleges. Forrest combined his forces at the right time, defeated an enemy with odds of two to one against him, and then pursued the enemy and drove him out of the state, not to speak of the seizure of supplies, which was large. So perhaps it will be all right to speak of myself in the third person, along with my companions in arms who must of necessity be so addressed, if what you see here is not me but my ghostly presence. But if I am a ghost, what are you?

And what then are all those good men and true who find their beliefs disembodied? For as there is God, no idea, principle or belief is ever defeated. Men are. Except those men who continue to believe and take the proper risks. I cite you Thermopylae. As military science and tactics are never either defensive or offensive but both, so no surrender need be final, not even unconditional surrender. There was a moment when the agrarians thought this, a particular moment when the country suffered the 1929 stock market crash. The book coming out after that made us seem prophets. We did not so see ourselves in the writing of it. None of us was a politician or intended, I think, any pragmatic action. We were protesting an unhappy condition of Southern affairs and a continuing conquest. Today it is clear to me, at least, that we were better prophets than we knew. I don't feel that any of us at the time could have imagined that the conditions we protested could become so rapidly worsened.

So, after the crash, for a while at least, we had hopes of making the word flesh. It was a lot of fun. We addressed one another as generals, I hope you understand facetiously but not entirely. The depression was upon us, and it was heavy. People were stealing corn in broad-open daylight, and my father turned his head. I know of a fireman in Trenton, N.J. who rode his bicycle into the country and stole apples to keep his family from starving. William Dodd, historian and ambassador to Germany, tried to persuade Roosevelt that he might do well to listen to what the agrarians had to say. He got the dollar-a-year men. I spoke to Senator Bankhead. All he could come up with was forty acres and a mule. There were mules then. They are curiosities now.

Before I go on, I must remind myself how pervasive was a growing acceptance of the new materialism we attacked as Industrialism. The South had prospered during the first world war. In the Euphoria of victory there was a general feeling that we were back in the Union. The New South propaganda of progress everywhere said as much, and most of the media of news and public information took it for granted. Farming was looked down upon. Tired of poverty and honest work, the young began to desert the land and go to town, and in town the ambitious youth took the train to New York City as did many young men from the West. The educational world began to change its curricula. The Chancellor of Vanderbilt University announced at a crucial moment of an agrarian fight that he wanted to graduate bankers, not writers or farmers. Rumor had it that the English building, ordered by him, was to be as much like a factory as possible, and the architect obliged. It was not the Church's Thanksgiving that we chanted. A New England holiday was universally celebrated as the national Thanksgiving. This salvation of the puritan fathers after their hard winter was instilled into the minds of Southern children as the salvation of their founding fathers. One of my projects in kindergarten was cutting out and painting turkeys and tall-hatted men with bibs to paste in front of a log cabin made out of twigs. At home I was read Uncle Remus, but in public it was John Alden, why don't you speak for yourself, John? that we were read. We were not told that Captain John Smith, sailing the Atlantic coast, brought small pox to the Indians at Plymouth and so let the Puritans land in safety. Always it was the New England story, which concerned the genesis of the nation. Not the other John, John Rolfe who was saved by the Indian maiden, Pocahontas. Their subsequent marriage made an elevating and romantic story of amity between races. No teacher knew enough to reveal the historic meaning of this incident. It was the first English recorded instance of the Indian woman's preference for the European. The betrayal of her tribe for the white man's favors was a constant element in the pattern of Indian defeat. Nancy Ward, a beloved woman of the Cherokees, saw nothing wrong in sitting in council and living with one of the enemy. Her betrayal indicates the complexity of the Indian mind, for she never left the council and remained beloved and respected.

General Forrest



Courtesy Library of Congress

Whoever wins an internecine war writes the history of that war. And the textbooks as well. Lost in diaries and obscure histories there were too many stories about the settlements in Middle Tennessee, both of Indians and Americans, which would have told our young of stamina and courage.

Whoever wins an internecine war writes the history of that war. And the textbooks as well. Lost in diaries and obscure histories there were too many stories about the settlements in Middle Tennessee, both of Indians and Americans, which would have told our young of stamina and courage. The attack on the stations around Nashville, the skillet and the kettle at a bend in the Tennessee River, or an account of that one man Spencer who lived in the arm of a hollow sycamore, alone during the hardest winter that country had known, with only half a skinning knife for protection and food. It must have been some tree, for he was so big a man, a French trader seeing his footprints jumped into the Cumberland River and swam away. He thought he was fleeing a monstrous bear. Later at a militia muster Spencer intervened between two young men who were fighting. One tried to get rough with him, whereupon he picked him up and threw him over the nine foot fence surrounding the stockage. The man called back, "If you will just throw my horse over, Mister Spencer, I'll be getting on my way." There are a number of these tales, and they carry the truth about a history, the quality of a tradition, as well as more formal documents.

It was not long before some of us, at least, suffered a disillusionment: it was not so clear that we were back in the Union. There were two incidents which had a good deal to do with this; at least they gave some propulsion to reforming our opinions and informing our judgments. One was the Dayton or Monkey trial in Tennessee. The trial concerned a law forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools of the state. This law was loudly proclaimed as an attack on academic freedom. Our philosophy professor, Dr. Herbert Sanborn, a New Englander, almost alone at Vanderbilt exposed the fallacies in scientism's argument. I first met Allen Tate in New York City. We at once began discussing the trial as a liberal attack on our traditional inheritance. Now I see it as an advanced phase of Reconstruction. Maybe they are one and the same thing.

After the economic exploitation of the South, this religious attack on the Southern spirit seemed to have a double purpose: to denigrate us before the country and the world, make us laughed at as backward and ignorant. But the real aim was more insidious, a forced acceptance of belief in a secular instead of a divine order of the universe. Practically this would have meant a total, instead of an economic dominance by the Northeast. But the soul is not so easily traduced, especially of a people who live by or close to the land. These people are religious by nature because they enjoy and suffer nature, or they starve. Of course the defence at Dayton was inadequate, depening as it did upon a strict construction of the Bible with its literal fallacy. But the liberal attack was equally fallacious, that scientism (there is no science, only sciences) was the only truth about man and nature. Along with this came H.L. Mencken's journalistic description of the South as "the Sahara of the Bozarts." This is like the thief who robs a house the second time and complains that the owners do not eat with silver.

How far such calumnies influenced the twelve I won't try to say, except for myself. One of the dangers of this kind of a discussion is inflicting your own responses upon your fellows, who certainly spoke for themselves. It set me to studying American and Southern history, about which I knew little to nothing. I kept at it for seven years, with Frank Owsley to guide me, one of our professional historians, whose life work was to replace biased or inaccurate accounts by the truth. Soon Tate was writing the biographies of Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis, and Warren a biography of John Brown. I was at work on Forrest. At any rate all the writers were Southern and most of them, by accident, were associated with Vanderbilt University. These men were already known or to become distinguished in their proper occupations, whether it was history or psychology or literature. Their agrarian writings merely displayed their common cultural inheritance, which was Christian and European. Let me quote a paragraph from the statement of principles as foreword to *I'll Take My Stand:* "Opposed to the industrial society is the agrarian, which does not stand in particular need of definition. An agrarian society is hardly one that has no use at all for industries, for professional vocations, for scholars and artists, and for the life of cities. Technically, perhaps, an agrarian society is one in which agriculture is the leading vocation, whether for wealth, for pleasure, or for prestige — a form of labor that is pursued with intelligence and leisure, and that becomes the goal to which the other forms approach as well as they may."

Surely, then, it must be taken that a poet, a farmer, a banker, a historian, a school teacher, must live in a certain place and time and so exhibit the kind of belief and behavior defined by the manners and mores of that time and place. It was not necessary to be a farmer to be agrarian. It was merely the basic occupation of a commodity-producing society. The liberal cartoons attacking showed us with our heads under a mule's tail, or a lone privy (or Necessary as George Washington called it) with a half moon cut over the door and the door closed. It left to the imagination what was behind the door. Allen Tate remarked that he preferred an indoor commode so long as he didn't have to kneel down and worship it before using it.

Only the Liberal mind could confuse equipment with the thing itself, but then the Liberal is always promising to relieve us of our common ills at somebody else's expense. He is the propagandist of the power we opposed. It is an old fight and the agrarians were not the first to enter it. This is no time to reargue the case. The books are there to be read, and read in light of our present circumstances. I do want to em-

Agriculture and politics are the sources of wealth and power. Both contain internal good principles, but both are subject to practical deterioration. If agriculture is good and government bad, we may have wealth and slavery. If the government is good and agriculture bad, liberty and poverty.

phasize that agrarianism was not an effort to reconstitute an ideal state, an Utopia, unless in the sense of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia,* an allegory criticizing his king's English and European policies. An outright statement would have lost him his head much earlier. The agrarian effort was towards the preservation of an inherited way of life, a way which was threatened but still in existence. I said it was an old fight. Napoleon tried to restore the legitimacy of kingship, but London, the center of international banking, defeated him. At St. Helena he told Las Cases, "Agriculture is the soul, the foundation of the Kingdome; industry ministers to the comfort and happiness of the population. Foreign trade is the superabundance; it allows of the due exchange of the surplus of agriculture and home industry; these last ought never to be subordinate to foreign trade." This country's policy has reversed the order: foreign trade first, industry, agriculture a poor third. Each day news reports witness to the folly of this order.

Shortly after the American Revolution the cogent opponent to what he called the paper and patronage aristocracy was John Taylor of Caroline County, Virginia. His question was: Why set up in this country the same power we fought a war to be free of? He was speaking against banking and a central government. He was a Jeffersonian but more agrarian and more lucid than Jefferson. He refused to put any hope in men themselves, but always in principles. In 1803 he published *Arator,* a collection of essays on farming and politics. The thesis was this: agriculture and politics are the sources of wealth and power. Both contain internal good principles, but both are subject to practical deterioration. If agriculture is good and government bad, we may have wealth and slavery. If the government is good and agriculture bad, liberty and poverty. We must remember that at this date nearly ninety percent of American population made its living by or on the land. From 1940 to 1974 the number of farms in the U.S. declined from approximately six million to a little over two million, 62% of our family units. Since the second world war thirty million people have left the country for the city. You don't need but one wrong idea to destroy a state.

I am not talking about statistics, but this great acceleration of much widespread loss of farms and families sustains my argument, which is this: at the time we wrote there were enough families living on the land and enough small town and city privately owned businesses to counterbalance the great industrial might, which was a fact and had to be reckoned with. If our proposal had been listened to, this necessary industry might have been contained, might not have grown into the only idea of the kind of life everybody must be forced to accept. A family, and I mean its kin and connections too, thrives best on some fixed location, which holds the memories of past generations by the ownership of farms or even family businesses. Not only sentimental memories but skills passed down and a knowledge of the earth tended. And a knowledge particularly of the blood streams, so as to be warned and prepared for what to expect in behavior. Industry today uproots. It's like the army without having the army's raison d'etre. Promotion, except among the basic workers, means pulling up roots and being sent elsewhere, with the promise of a better car and another room to the house. The children just as they are making friends and getting used to school must begin all over again. This is a modification of the Spartan state, which reduced the family to a minimal role.

The most irresponsible of our critics accused us of the self-indulgence of nostalgia, of foisting on our readers a myth, by myth was meant something that never existed. All societies are sustained by a myth. Such a myth is of necessity metaphysical, but it was not this kind of a myth the critic had in mind. He had mischosen his word. He meant fantasy, something that had no grounding in fact. Unfortunately for this kind of argument many of us were historians, and in Frank Owsley we had the best of professional historians. I speak of Owsley rather than Nixon because it was he and his wife, Harriet, who exposed the alien "myths" about the South that it was composed of large plantations with Old Marster sipping juleps while the slaves sang, and on the fringe the one bale, if that, cotton farmers called poor whites. He simply went to the census records where the facts were. Also diaries and county records, but the Federal census carried particular authority. One instance of this: presumably the black belt counties would be the area of the large plantations. Now the census taker went down the road, stopping in order at this farm and that, as he went along. The Owsleys discovered the greatest diversity in ownership, large plantations by moderate size farms, small farms, a plantation of two thousand acres with no slaves, a man owning slaves and no land. I won't go on, as the authority is here to correct or amplify me, if she so wills. You see the South was never solid until after the war. Defeat made it solid.

The misunderstanding, even among the most sympathetic critics, like Louis Rubin, has assumed that a commodity-producing society, such as the South and West, had not a chance of sustaining itself before the successive triumphs of the financial corporate role of money. And this kind of money is always international. They were vague about this corporate rule, but they accepted as absolute the ex post facto assumption of the relative poverty of the southern farm and its ultimate doom. The confusion lies just here. The communities composed of families with real property and private businesses still existed. The fight was on, but the outcome was uncertain. The depression was a heavy blow. Cotton cost seven cents a pound to grow and it brought on what is essentially the world market

The communities were the shape of society, even after the first world war. I was there. I lived in them. Most of the towns in the South and cities, too, lived by the country.

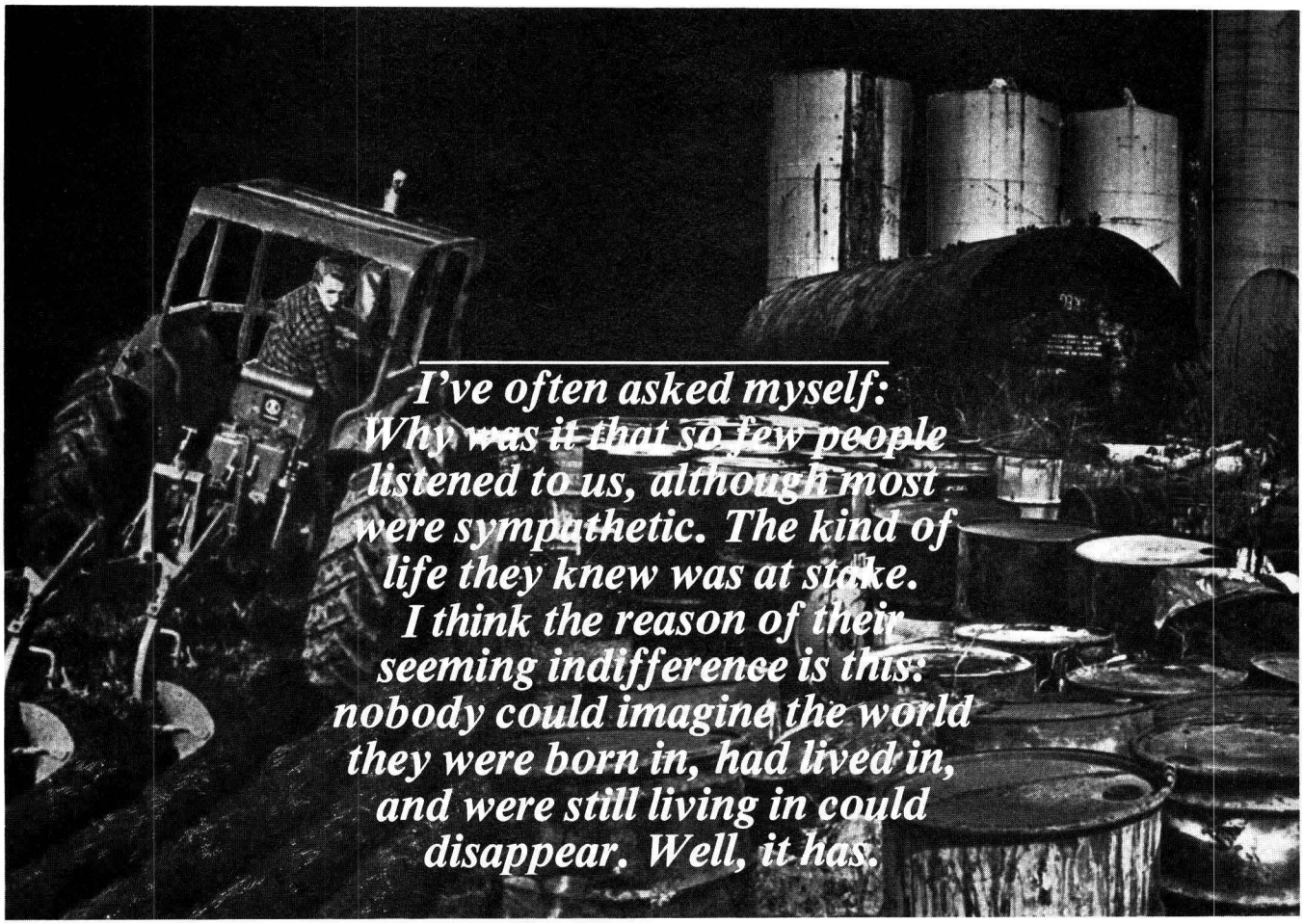
five cents. The only answer Roosevelt's government could give was plow under a fourth of your labor, cotton, corn, hogs and cattle. This is the most immoral fiat ever handed down from afar: destroy your handicrafts and life for an abstract stock market purpose. Where was the Joseph to talk of lean and fat years, store away instead of destroy.

The communities were the shape of society, even after the first world war. I was there. I lived in them. Most of the towns in the South and cities, too, lived by the country. My argument in two essays was this: the small farm upholds the state. I didn't give an number of acres. What I meant was a family owned and operated place. If the place has no mortgage, you live in a dwelling house without paying money for rent. If you plow with a team, you grow your own fuel. You grow most of your food. You do grow crops for money, but you are not completely in the money economy. You live at home with security. And you are a part of a living community, with other families in your situation, some better to do than others, as will always be the case.

Now witness the county seat. I'm speaking from experience again. All the roads radiating from the seat are privately owned. They had toll gates every five miles, and to pass through cost so much a buggy, twenty-five cents, so much a head for sheep. I used to go with my father to collect toll, and the money, all coin, would be stacked in order, silver dollars, half, quarters, on down to dimes and nickels, and they all smelled of snuff. There were very few paper bills. This means that you didn't leave home idly. You lived in a community with a radius of say five miles. This lasted almost until I went to college. The automobile was in its infancy. It was a toy for those who could buy. The ladies wore veils and all dust coats, when the machine as it was called, took you out for a short spin. People would call and ask if you were going to bring it out. It scared their mettlesome carriage horses. And rightly so; it was the horse's doom. But it took some years before it broke up the community. Thirty miles an hour was fast. The roads were not fit for speed. It took the greater part of the day to go from Huntsville, Alabama to Guntersville, forty miles away. Punctures were frequent, or a mud hole with brush in it would delay you for maybe an hour, until you could find somebody to hitch up his team and pull you out. Of course unless the team was obviously nearby and the hand out. My father had a Fordson tractor. It could break four acres a day, but so could a good team. He used it for discing, as broken ground is hard on animals. This was for Cornsilk, a twelve hundred acre place, which the T.V.A. stole and covered up with water.

This family farm, not Cornsilk, I talked about was dismissed as a subsistence farm. In the first place there is no such thing as a subsistence farm. That is an

adjective used by a voice who thinks milk comes out of bottles, or possibly of land so poor that no insurance company will give it a mortgage. But even this is no subsistence farm. Even this has its place in society. If it has little money and no credit to buy advertised products, it still had a life of its own. When the T.V.A. began to build all those dams, making a permanent flood of the best land to control floods, it had to buy a little place near Muscle Shoals. This place was so poor it had no mortgage against it, but the shack did have a chimney whose fire had not gone out in a hundred years. Eminent domain or not, the T.V.A. had to move that chimney, the coals covered and hot, to its new location. The point is not that the move cost more than the price of the farm. The point is from the mirage of history, fire on the hearth has been the symbol of the home. Neolithic man "Identified the column of smoke that rose from his hearth to disappear from view through a hole in the roof with the Axis of the Universe, saw in this luffer an image of the Heavenly door, and in his hearth the Navel of the Earth." The man who cherished that chimney and forced a sovereign power to preserve it was not a man who thought much of comfort, that euphemism which disguises the perfidious intention of turning man into an appetite, to be perpetually bloated by some new appeal of an expanding economy, expanding until the resources on the earth and beneath it are exhausted.


I've often asked myself:
Why was it that so few people
listened to us, although most
were sympathetic. The kind of
life they knew was at stake.
I think the reason of their
seeming indifference is this:
nobody could imagine the world
they were born in, had lived in,
and were still living in could
disappear. Well, it has.

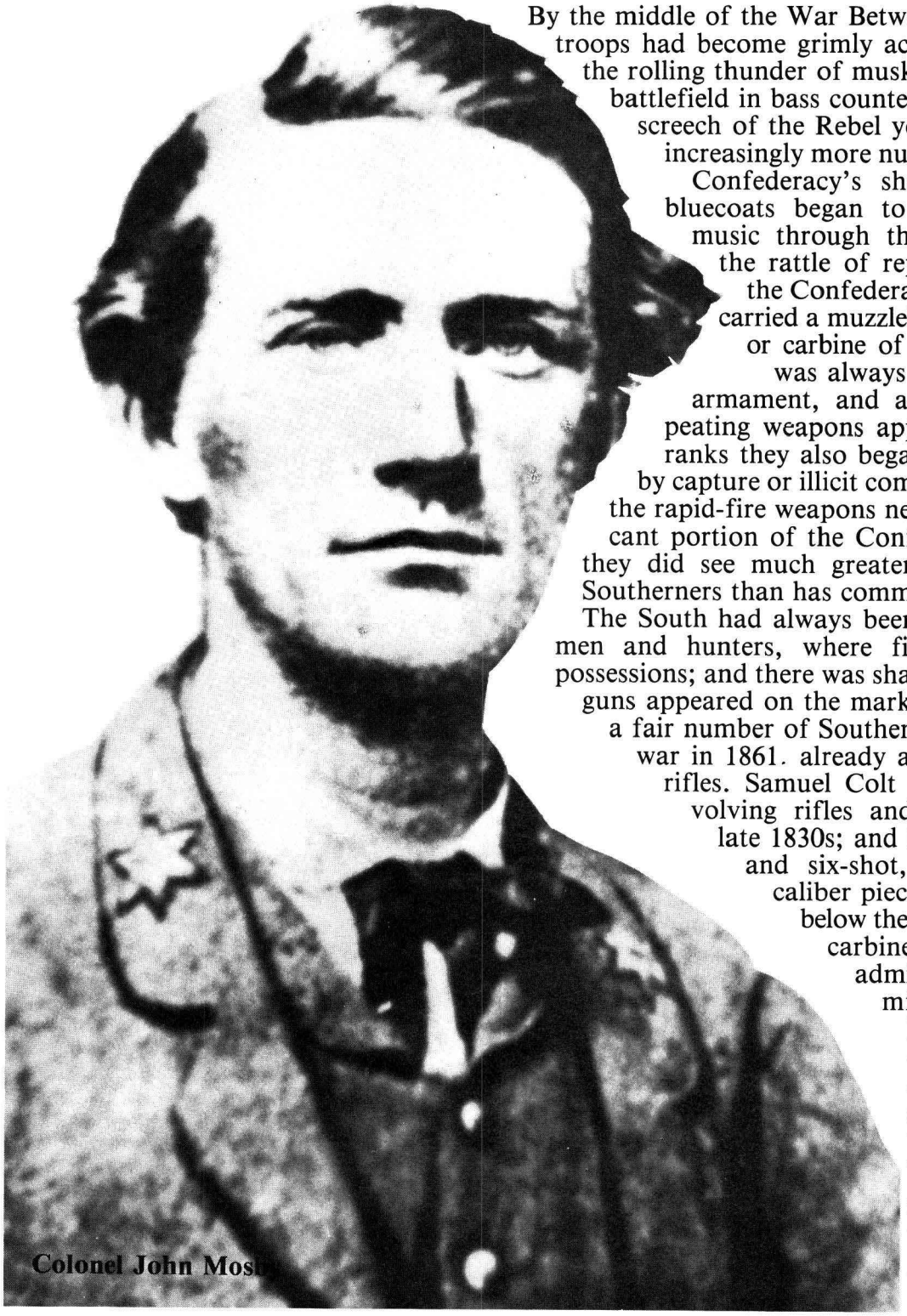
In 1928 Allen Tate, his wife and child, and I travelled in a second-hand Ford from New York to Alabama, going over the battlefiels. There were no Interstates (maybe the Pennsylvania turnpike) but many narrow paved roads and roads with gravel, all rough in places. The outskirts of Philadelphia ended easily in the country, with its farms and not just Amish either. Today from Trenton to Philadelphia there is a flow of houses which obliterates the state lines, and at night one long blur of light. Through Maryland into Virginia we camped by the side of the road or in a farmer's lot and picked his turnip greens and cooked them in a pot with sow-belly. I knew how to make a hoe cake. The water and greens were free, as was the camp ground. If we felt we could afford it, we would stop in a village or some courthouse with buildings about it and eat a lunch for thirty-five cents. If it was forty-five, we might drive on. There was only one tourist camp the entire way, no buildings but a common washroom and commodes. This was outside Richmond. We pitched our pup tents here. Sometimes we washed and dressed and went into town on invitation, which was always welcome as a change of diet.

The night watchman was the great-nephew of General John Bankhead McGruder, late of the Confederacy. The superintendent was the great nephew of General A.P. Hill of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose name was called by both Lee and Jackson in their dying speech. This was the familiar world all of us were born in, and I hope I am making it clear that now I am not speaking only of the Southern terrain. Later, I went on alone to Mississippi, where Forrest often rode. I can't believe it had changed much from war days. Going through the back country to Tupelo, I stopped to enquire the way. Teams were hitched about the court-house fence, a political meeting was afoot. The patri-archs, all in black hats and white beards, sat on the platform with their hands on hickory sticks. It was ob-vious that little of folly would take place in their presence. I was asked to "take out" and join the crowd. I was not asked to park my Ford. I thanked the man but told him I was running late. Could he direct me to Tupelo. I was told to go down the road, and he pointed which way, until I came to a widow-woman's house, where I was to turn left. I thanked him and went on. I had not trouble finding the widow-woman's house. It had no stove wood stacked in the yard.

I've often asked myself: Why was it that so few people listened to us, although most were sympathetic. The kind of life they knew was at stake. I think the rea-son of their seeming indifference is this: nobody could imagine the world they were born in, had lived in, and were still living in could disappear. Well, it has.

As my final word — I think we should have found a larger word than agrarian, for it was this whole coun-try's Christian inheritance that was threatened, and still is. But let there be no misunderstanding. We still are subjects of Christendom. Only we have reached its Satanic phase. I can't believe that any society is strong which holds physical comfort as its quest. There is only one comfort, and it is the only thing that has been promised: the gates of Hell will not finally prevail.

Southern Sharp
Rifles in the Confederate



Colonel John Mosb

By the middle of the War Between the States Union troops had become grimly accustomed to hearing the rolling thunder of musketry swell across the battlefield in bass counterpoint to the falsetto screech of the Rebel yell. At scattered, but increasingly more numerous points on the Confederacy's shrinking borders the bluecoats began to hear a fierce new music through the smoke of action: the rattle of repeating rifles. While the Confederate soldier most often carried a muzzleloading rifled-musket or carbine of various patterns, he was always keen to improve his armament, and as breech-loading repeating weapons appeared in the enemy ranks they also began to enter his hands by capture or illicit commerce as well. While the rapid-fire weapons never formed a significant portion of the Confederacy's ordnance, they did see much greater service among the Southerners than has commonly been supposed. The South had always been a region of sportsmen and hunters, where firearms were prized possessions; and there was sharp interest when new guns appeared on the market. Not surprisingly, a fair number of Southern volunteers went to war in 1861. already armed with repeating rifles. Samuel Colt had been selling revolving rifles and carbines since the late 1830s; and by the 1850s his five and six-shot, .36, .44, and .56 caliber pieces were very popular below the Potomac. The handy carbines were particularly admired, and Southern militia units bought hundreds of them during that tense decade of mounting sectionalism. Thus, when the war erupted, volunteers from the James River to the Brazos mustered at county courthouses with their Colts in hand.

shooters Cause

by Wayne R. Austerman

HENRY'S
REPEATING RIFLE
THESE MOST POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE weapons can be bought,
BY THE CASE ONLY,
OF
A. B. SEMPLE & SONS,
Louisville,
General Agents for the State of Kentucky.
They may be procured at retail of the following parties:
JOSEPH GRIFFITH & SON,
Fifth street, near Main street, Louisville.
DICKSON & GILMORE,
Third street, near Main street, Louisville.
CHAS. H. BRADFORD,
New Albany, Indiana.
WELLS, KELLOGG, & CO.,
Evansville, Indiana.
Duplicate Springs and other parts of the Rifle can be obtained from, and all needed repairs made by
DICKSON & GILMORE,
Third, near Main street, Louisville, Ky.
O. F. WINCHESTER,
Pres't N. H. Arms Co.
mar7 d&wtf

repeating rifles. Samuel Colt had been selling revolving rifles and carbines since the late 1830s; and by the 1850s his five and six-shot .36, .44, and .56 caliber pieces were very popular below the Potomac. The handy carbines were particularly admired, and Southern militia units bought hundreds of them during that tense decade of mounting sectionalism. Thus, when the war erupted, volunteers from the James River to the Brazos mustered at county courthouses with their Colts in hand.

Detailed information on the Colts' service is scanty, but some evidence of their use does survive. James Dinkins, who would later serve as one of General Nathan Bedford Forrest's officers, posed for a photograph in 1861 while a cadet at the North Carolina Military Institute. He proudly held a full-stocked Colt repeater in .56 caliber. Another old tintype shows First Sergeant Charles S. Powell of the 14th North Carolina holding a Colt artillery carbine, complete with its wicked sword bayonet. If these arms were as common among the state's troops as the evidence suggests, many of the Tarheels must have gone to war with some impressive firepower at their disposal.

Other old photographs depict members of both the 1st Virginia Cavalry and 1st Virginia Infantry carrying Colts. The horse regiment was General Jeb Stuart's first Confederate command, and many of its men reportedly carried Sharps carbines, but at least one of the companies apparently favored the Colt. The arm was understandably popular in Virginia. Early in 1860, Samuel Colt had sold 500 revolvers to the state government and offered to trade stocks of modern revolving rifles to the commonwealth in exchange for its old-style U.S. muskets, which Colt planned to rifle, percussion, and sell back to the federal government at a tidy profit. He also hoped to sell more of the repeaters to the Old Dominion at bargain prices. Unfortunately for the Confederacy, the leaders of Virginia refused his offers, but Colt's agents still managed to score numerous private sales throughout the state, while Virginia had earlier acquired 246 of his rifles for the state armory.

The sales campaign reached other states in the region also. One anonymous Mississippian wrote his family from camp, proudly noting that "it is right funny to see the boys (of other companies) come over...to see our guns, take hold of them and say 'by golly, boys, if we all had guns like these we would clean the Yankees up in six months!' " The soldier may well have belonged to the 13th, 17th, or 18th Mississippi regiments of Colonel Nathan G. Evans brigade. These units, along with the 8th Virginia, badly mauled an equivalent Union force in a small action at Ball's Bluff, Virginia in late October, 1861. The bluecoats lost 1300 men killed or wounded, while another 710 were captured. Federal officers later reported that at least one regiment of the enemy force was armed with repeating rifles and "did great execution." At that stage of the war they could only have been Colts.

Sergeant Charles S. Powell, 14th N.C. Inf. & his Colt

Farther to the south, the state of Louisiana issued small quantities of the wheelguns to its volunteers in 1861, but by far the greatest admirers of Colt products were found in Texas. "Texas" and "Six-shooter" had long been virtually synonymous terms, and the frontiersmen also like the Hartford-made longarms. The 1st Texas Infantry carried Colts into battle at Eltham's Landing, Virginia in May, 1862, and the celebrated "Terry's Texas Rangers," the 8th Texas Cavalry, also counted a fair number of the repeaters on its early ordnance returns. One of the heaviest concentrations of the Colts was found in the 3rd Texas Cavalry. Captain T.W. Winston's Company A of the regiment was recruited from the neighborhood of Jonesville, in Harrison County. The proud community purchased a Colt repeating rifle and Navy revolver for every one of its fifty-five officers and men. The regiment saw its first action in the bloody fighting at Wilson's Creek, Missouri in August, 1861. A breakneck charge and the rippling volleys from its Colts scattered a Union infantry regiment and helped drive the Yankees from the field. In late December the 3rd Texas joined a campaign against Unionist Creeks in

A Colt-armed trooper

At Chickamauga in September, 1863, the 21st Ohio Infantry was cut off and overrun by the Confederates, losing 264 men to death, wounds, or capture. Their weapons made a rich harvest for General Braxton Bragg's ordnance officers.

the Indian Territory of Oklahoma. In a fight at Shoal Creek the Texans' Colts broke the back of Indian resistance and secured that isolated corner of the Confederacy's frontier. Fierce action followed in Mississippi and the rest of the war's western theater.

Once the war began it became very difficult to obtain more of the Northern-made repeaters, but considerable numbers were captured from Colt-armed Union regiments. At Chickamauga in September, 1863, the 21st Ohio Infantry was cut off and overrun by the Confederates, losing 264 men to death, wounds, or capture. Their weapons made a rich harvest for General Braxton Bragg's ordnance officers.

The captures continued. In February, 1864, Confederate cavalry routed their Union counterparts in a fight near Okolona, Mississippi that turned into a total stampede that lasted for sixty miles. The rearguard, the Colt-armed 2nd Iowa Cavalry, lost half its men to the exultant troopers of Nathan Bedford Forrest's command. There were scores of smaller actions in which the repeaters changed hands to serve the grayjackets. By that time the Colts had become quasi-official arms in the Confederate forces.

By the summer of 1862, another new repeater had appeared on the scene. Rebuffed by cautious federal ordnance officers, the New Haven Arms Company of Connecticut placed the .44 rimfire Henry rifle on the open market in Louisville, Kentucky in July. It was soon readily available in Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. These border states were thick with anti-war Northern Democrats and Confederate agents. Contraband Henry 16-shooters quickly began flowing southward, and the arms saw immediate action. A photograph survives of Captain Lorenzo D. Fisher of the 10th Kentucky Partisan Rangers, who proudly flourished a Henry for the lens. Fisher's unit plagued the Yankees throughout southern Kentucky and northern Tennessee until his death in late 1862. His men may well have been the first Confederates to carry the Henry into action. Others soon followed.

The Northern state governments purchased Henrys in large numbers for their home-recruited regiments, and the arm saw increasing use among Union troops as they marched deeper into the South. Unavoidably, more of the repeaters were captured in such actions as Goodrich's Landing, Louisiana, and Chickamagua, Georgia. In a bitter action at Allatoona, Georgia in October, 1864, the Henry-armed 7th Illinois held the line against General Samuel French's attacking troops. While the Confederates finally gave up and retired, the 7th had been pushed back and bled heavily, with 102 of its 291 men listed as killed, wounded, or captured. French's men exchanged their muskets for captured Henrys before they marched off, and even the general acquired one of the wicked 16-shooters.

As the war progressed and the Henry's use spread into both major theaters, such units as the 8th and 29th Texas Cavalry, along with the 21st Virginia Infantry boasted captured pieces. In Virginia, the elite 1st D.C. Cavalry was armed with the brass-framed repeaters, but did not manage to keep most of them for very long. A little more than a year after it first saw action, the regiment lost scores of the rifles to the 7th Virginia Cavalry in a fight at Stony Creek, near Richmond. Two months later, in August, 1864, the opposing cavalries clashed again at Ream's Station, and Colonel R.L. Dulany's horsemen screened the flanks of Lee's infantry with their Henrys as it rolled back a Union attack.

In September Major General Wade Hampton led his cavalry brigades on a bold stroke to capture a large herd of Yankee beef cattle at a supply dump east of the besieged city of Petersburg, Virginia. On the 15th the Confederates fell on the 1st D.C.'s picket line in a predawn attack that saw the 7th Virginia routing the bluecoats with their own captured Henrys. The Union regiment was virtually annihilated, with over 200 more 16-shooters falling into exultant Southern hands. Not only Dulany's 7th, but the 11th, 12th, and 35th Virginia Cavalry sported Henrys through the rest of the war as a result of Hampton's coup.

Popular as the Henry was with both sides, it was far overshadowed by another repeater: the Spencer. Only 11,000 Henrys were produced during the war years, while Union authorities purchased at least 100,000 Spencer rifles and carbines. In terms of sheer numbers, the Spencer far outweighed the 16-shooter in Confederate service as well. The Spencer began appearing in the field in the spring of 1863, and the Confederates were quick to claim some for themselves. As early as October, 1863, Colonel John Wilder's crack "Lightning Brigade" lost a large number of Spencers and 4000 rounds of ammunition when Confederate guerrillas captured a supply wagon near Decherd, Tennessee.

Actually a miniscule number of Spencers may have been in Confederate hands when the war began. Christopher Spencer patented his rifle

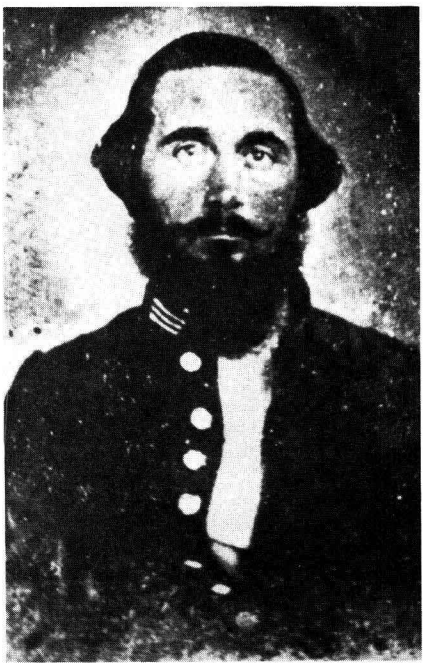
Privately-owned Spencers must have been rare items, however, and most Confederates acquired theirs through capture. 1864 proved to be a windfall year in that respect. In February guerrilla chieftain Champ Ferguson raided Union units posted in Rhea County, Tennessee, killing several men and capturing "ten repeating rifles," possibly Henrys or Spencers.

in March, 1860, and his early models were produced for civilian sales in both .36 and .44 rimfire. Pony Express riders were carrying Spencers as early as May, 1860, and while no production figures are available for the light-caliber arms, they were definitely available on the prewar market.

Spencer offered .44 caliber arms to the state of Massachusetts early in the conflict, and undoubtedly some had already found their way into Southern gundealers' shops. Captain (later Colonel) Hume R. Feild of the 1st Tennessee Infantry used a "seven-shooting rifle" in combat at Big Springs, Virginia in August, 1861. Private Sam R. Watkins of Company H was manning an outpost when thirty federals attacked him. Rain had dampened the powder in both sides' guns, and the enemy was loading fresh charges when Captain Feild appeared, "and the first fire he killed a Yankee," recalled Watkins. "They broke and run. Captain Feild did all the firing, but every time he pulled down be brought a Yankee. I have forgotten the number he did kill, but if I am not mistaken, it was either twenty or twenty-one." If Feild did carry an early Spencer, he gave it hard use. Bearing a strong physical resemblance to General Stonewall Jackson, Feild was noted for his zest for personal combat. He survived the war, despite a head wound taken at Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia in 1864. During that fight he claimed to have dropped fifteen bluecoats.

Privately-owned Spencers must have been rare items, however, and most Confederates acquired theirs through capture. 1864 proved to be a windfall year in that respect. In February guerrilla chieftain Champ Ferguson raided Union units posted in Rhea County, Tennessee, killing several men and capturing "ten repeating rifles," possibly Henrys or Spencers. That June, Ordnance Sergeant Robert D. Burns of the 8th Texas Cavalry reported the presence of at least fifty Spencers in the regiment, "all of which have been recently captured from the enemy...the men refraining from their acquisition only because of the difficulty of procuring ammunition." Even the Colt-armed 3rd Texas Cavalry acquired the 7-shooters. Lieutenant Samuel B. Barron recalled how his company captured "thirty or forty" Spencers in one skirmish, but turned them in to the Ordnance Department due to the scarcity of cartridges for them.

The Spencers also joined the captured Colts in General Nathan B. Forrest's cavalry. In June, 1864, he routed a Union force at Brice's Crossroads, Mississippi, and many repeaters were among the 5000 weapons taken in the action. That fall he raided into Tennessee and captured a string of blockhouses on the Duck River manned by 115 Spencer-armed yellowlegs of the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry. At about the same time, a company of the 10th Michigan Cavalry rode into a craftily-laid ambush while chasing guerrillas near Thorn Hill, Tennessee, and lost at least twenty Spencers to the enemy.



Capt. Alex M. Shannon of the 8th Texas Cavalry

Even the most isolated quarters of the conflict saw aggressive Confederate horsemen seizing the repeaters from their owners. In Florida a lone company of the 2nd Florida Cavalry routed a battalion of Yankee horsemen, capturing seventy-four Spencers in the process during that autumn of 1864. So many of the breechloaders were appearing throughout the Confederate forces that General Joseph Wheeler, a senior cavalry commander, formally requested that efforts be made to manufacture ammunition for them, "as this is a most effective gun and we are now getting a great many in our command."

The Spencer-carrying Gray coats made a deep impression on their opponents. In the fall and winter of 1864, Captain Alex M. Shannon of the 8th Texas led a picked force of scouts that harassed Sherman's army during its brutal march trhough Georgia and into the Carolinas. One Union general complained that Shannon had fielded 300 men armed with looted Spencers, and by the campaign's end the scouts had killed or captured at least 459 Yankees.

The new year of 1865 brought a mass capture of Spencers when Wheeler's men joined General Wade Hampton's Virginia cavalry command in North Carolina that March and fell upon the sleeping camp of Major General Hugh J. Kilpatrick's cavalry division. The action took place at Monroe's Crossroads, on the modern Fort Bragg Military Reservation, and saw Kilpatrick surprised in bed with his paramour of the moment. Abandoning his lady and fleeing in his underwear, the general was later able to rally his men for a counterattack, but not before the Confederates overran the camp, taking numerous prisoners and looting the unit's supplies. More Spencers and their precious cartridges were carried off in the raid.

Wheeler was not the only commander who proved adept at gathering Spencers. In northern

Major General Joseph Wheeler

In mid-August Captain Richard Blazer fielded an elite 100-man cavalry force with orders to kill Mosby and destroy his band. They found him, and their Spencers were soon in Confederate hands as the guerrillas decimated Blazer's men in a fight at Kabletown, Virginia that saw only two of them escape back to Union lines.

Virginia Lieutenant Colonel John S. Mosby's 43rd Partisan Ranger Battalion collected the repeaters in bargain lots. On July 5, 1864, ninety of his men clashed with elements of two Yankee cavalry regiments and put them to flight, killing or capturing sixty-nine bluecoats. "Our cavalry had Spencer's repeating rifles," lamented the *Washington Star,* "which will be of material service to Mosby."

The repeaters seemed to draw Mosby's special attention. In mid-August Captain Richard Blazer fielded an elite 100-man cavalry force with orders to kill Mosby and destroy his band. They found him, and their Spencers were soon in Confederate hands as the guerrillas decimated Blazer's men in a fight at Kabletown, Virginia that saw only two of them escape back to Union lines. That November a detachment from General George A. Custer's brigade of Michigan cavalry met another party of fifteen blue-uniformed, Spencer-equipped riders near Newton, Virginia and rode straight into captivity before it realized that they were Mosby's men. By that time the slim lawyer-turned-cavalry-man must have needed a small warehouse for all of his trophy Spencers.

While most of the partisan leader's men preferred to rely on the batteries of Colt and Remington revolvers they carried tucked in their belts and boot-tops, some of them carried the carbines with lethal effect. Ranger John H. Alexander enjoyed an abundant supply of cartridges for his Spencer, and believed that "a calm, cool 'dead shot' behind a ... Spencer repeating rifle has more moral force than a Gatling gun."

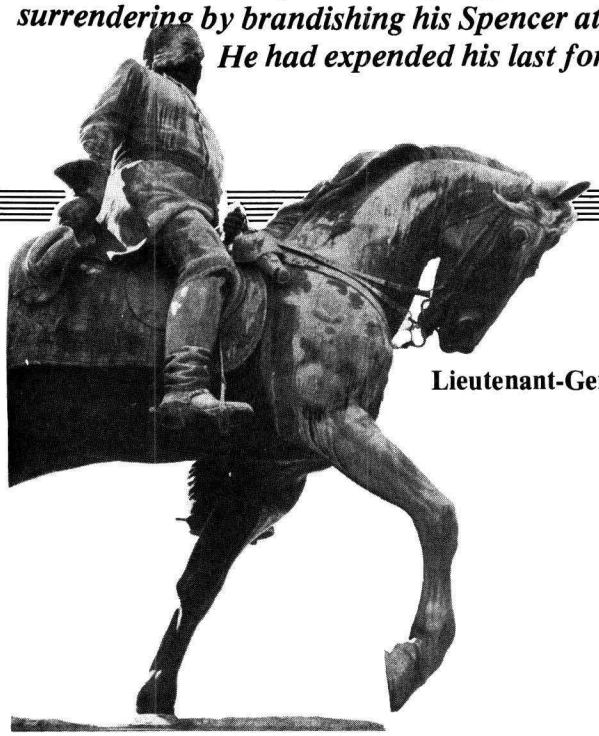
Berry Benson & Spencer at Petersburg in 1864-65

The long infantry rifles were also popular among the Confederates. Sharpshooter Berry Benson of the 1st South Carolina used a Spencer during the siege of Petersburg and skillfully employed its combination of accuracy and rapid fire. Late in March, 1865, Benson and other sharpshooters, many with repeaters, crippled a Union attack with massed fire at 400 yards. On another occasion, Benson bluffed three Yankees into surrendering by brandishing his Spencer at them. Only he knew that its magazine was empty. He had expended his last forty rounds the day before.

The ammunition problem was acutely felt. While units such as Mosby's could easily resupply themselves by raiding supply dumps and trains, the conventional Confederate troopers had to rely on chancy battlefield captures. The situation was so serious that in August, 1864, General Hampton issued an order barring the use of repeaters in the cavalry, fearing that dependence on the scarce ammunition might cripple the force at a critical moment. It was an order cheerfully ignored by many of his troopers, particularly after the great defeat of the 1st D.C. Cavalry the following month.

The Southerners continued to fight desperately against staggering odds, and the Spencers still barked from the thinning gray ranks. The actions of one Confederate trooper became symbolic of the entire doomed struggle. A regiment of Union cavalry was deployed on picket duty at Ream's Station late in 1864 when a lone Southerner armed with a Spencer staged a suicide charge against the enemy. "He would drop on his knee and fire, and up and run, and drop and fire again," recorded a stunned trooper. The Confederate trooper continued his forlorn assault into a barrage of carbine fire, never wavering until an officer's pistol shot dropped him lifeless in the dust, still clutching his 7-shooter.

Late in March, 1865, Benson and other sharpshooters, many with repeaters, crippled a Union attack with massed fire at 400 yards. On another occasion, Benson bluffed three Yankees into surrendering by brandishing his Spencer at them. Only he knew that its magazine was empty. He had expended his last forty rounds the day before.



Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton

The war ground on, and as the final collapse came in both Virginia and the Carolinas the gray horse fought with mounting defiance against the invaders. There was still a thousand unrecorded skirmishes fought that spring of 1865 as small remnants of the South's armies strove to delay the now inevitable defeat or exact a last measure of vengeance from the victors. The Southern repeaters served even beyond Appomattox, as a patrol of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry found when it attempted to capture a half-dozen ragged Confederates near Salem, North Carolina that April. Corporal Smith D. Cozen's men surprised the cavalry outpost and confidently charged the little group. One of them stood his ground to cover his comrades' retreat, and the Yankees' confidence faltered at the crack of his Spencer. "This one threw his carbine over the saddle of his horse and fired at us, and I heard the bullet whistle past me, when he fired again," the corporal recalled thirty years later. "Three times he fired, but we were going downhill at a tremendous pace, and we were close to him before he mounted, and then he flew away from us like the wind." No one had been hit, but the fusillade from the Spencer had reminded the bluecoats that there would still be no easy triumphs over even a dying Southern army.

The actions fought from Ball's Bluff to Salem had seen the Colts, Henrys, and Spencers used as grim expedients by a nation that could never hope to match the enemy's raw industrial power in forging such weapons. Scorned by Northerners as "rustics in rebellion," the weapons won by Southern valor and arms had at least driven home to their original owners the reality that killing such men was a far different thing than ever destroying their spirit or resourcefulness. That was not a bad epitaph for the soldiers of any cause.

Wayne Austerman is a research historian with the U.S. Air Force Space Command. A native of Oklahoma, he earned his Ph.D. in history from L.S.U. and he now resides in Colorado.

THE SOUTHERN SAMPLER

by William F. Freehoff

Preachers In Politics:

The Presbyterian clergy alone (not their followers) remain bitterly federal and malcontent with their government. They are violent, ambitious of power, and intolerant in politics as in religion and want nothing but license from the laws to kindle again the fires of their leader John Knox, and to give us a second blast from his trumpet.

Thomas Jefferson

Virtue:

A man ought not only to be virtuous in reality, but he must also appear so.

Lieut. Gen. George Washington

The United States Marines:

I would recommend that the Marine Corps be merged in the artillery or infantry...

President Andrew Jackson

Now if you're a Marine, you're all Marine. You'll put the Corps above your family, your country, even God and all else in some cases. You stick to your Corps.

Lewis Burwell Puller, Lieut. Gen. USMC

Rotation In Office:

I believe there are important advantages to a Senate where the membership changes, the same advantage that one has with a new broom.

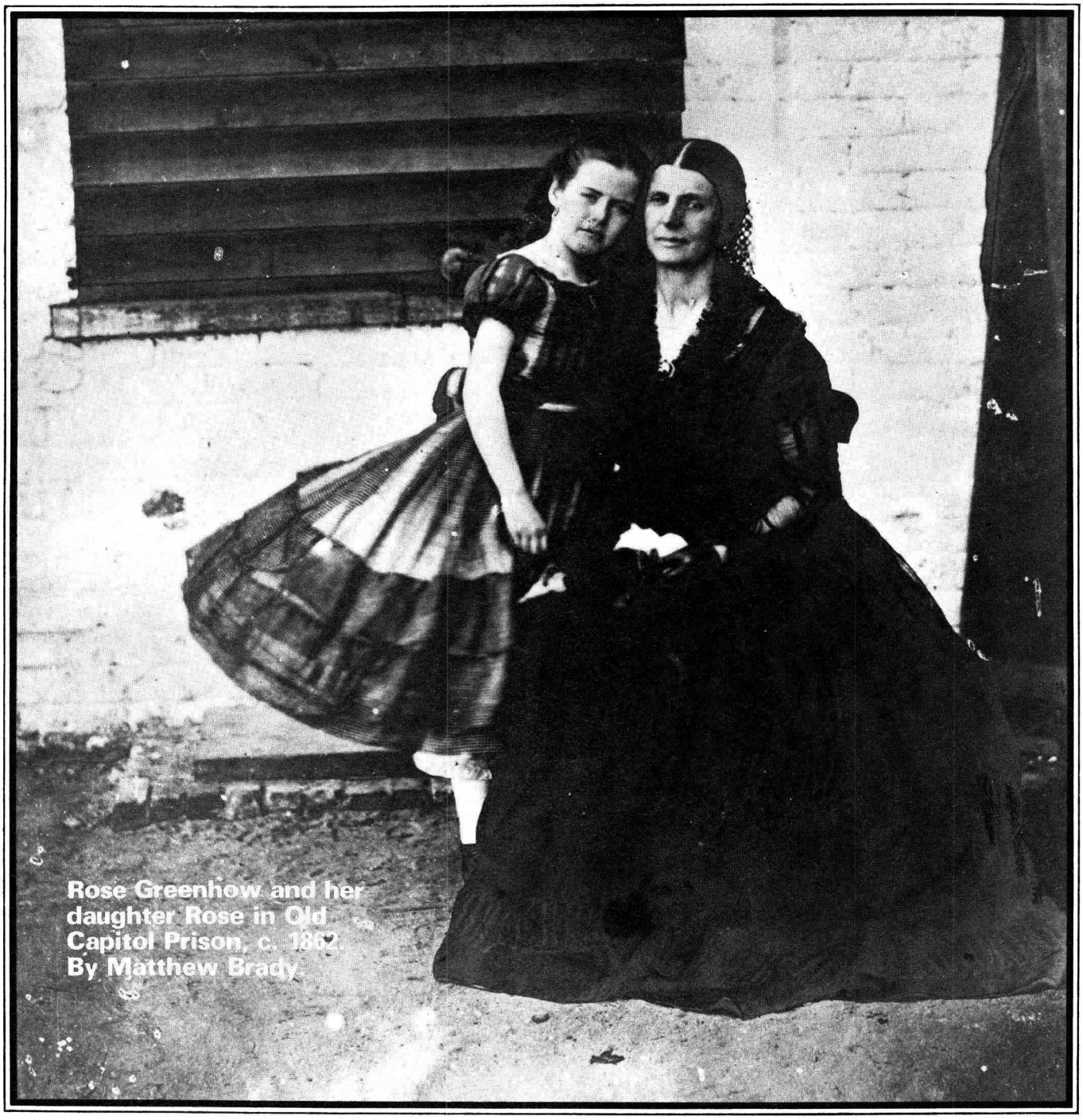
Senator Harry F. Byrd, Jr. (1-VA)

Few Southern politicians die and none resign.

Congressman B. Carroll Reece (R-TN)

Spy Or Patriot?
The Story Of Rose O'Neale Greenhow

by Luna Lambert



Rose Greenhow and her daughter Rose in Old Capitol Prison, c. 1862. By Matthew Brady.

Courtesy Library of Congress

The name Rose O'Neale Greenhow evokes the image of a mysterious beauty whose defiant spirit led her to become a *Confederate spy,* successfully dispatching coded messages to the dashing General P.G.T. Beauregard. Torn fragments of a cipher, charred letters snatched from her stove by Pinkerton's detectives, and a startling photograph of Mother and child in Old Capitol prison — these are the elements woven into the celebrated spy story beginning with her arrest on August 23, 1861, in Washington City

"I am a Southern woman," she reflected in 1863, "born with revolutionary blood in my veins, and my first crude ideas on State and Federal matters received consistency and shape from the best and wisest man of this century, John C. Calhoun."

and ending with her tragic death at Cape Fear in 1864.

What is troublesome and misleading about the spy label is the implication that Mrs. Greenhow disguised her Southern loyalty in Washington society. She was, in fact, more Confederate than spy, a devout student of John C. Calhoun who openly espoused the doctrine of States' Rights in diplomatic circles as well as her own books and letters. "I am a Southern woman," she reflected in 1863, "born with revolutionary blood in my veins, and my first crude ideas on State and Federal matters received consistency and shape from the best and wisest man of this century, John C. Calhoun."

Southern Heritage

Born in Port Tobacco, Maryland, c. 1815, Rose Marie was the daughter of a wealthy Charles County planter, John O'Neale, who died in 1817. Fortunately, O'Neale's estate was sufficiently substantial to provide land and money for his widow and four daughters — Rose, Ellen, May, and Susan.

Some years before the O'Neale girls married, Rose and her sister Ellen moved to Washington to live with their aunt, Mrs. H.V. Hill, who ran a fashionable boarding house on Capitol Hill. The three-story house, located on the Southeast corner of First and A Streets, was built in 1815 as a temporary capitol after the burning of the United States Capitol during the British invasion of Washington. Beginning in 1824, Old Capitol housed two private men's clubs and was also used as a boarding house for members of Congress. Social diplomacy thus became second nature to both sisters.

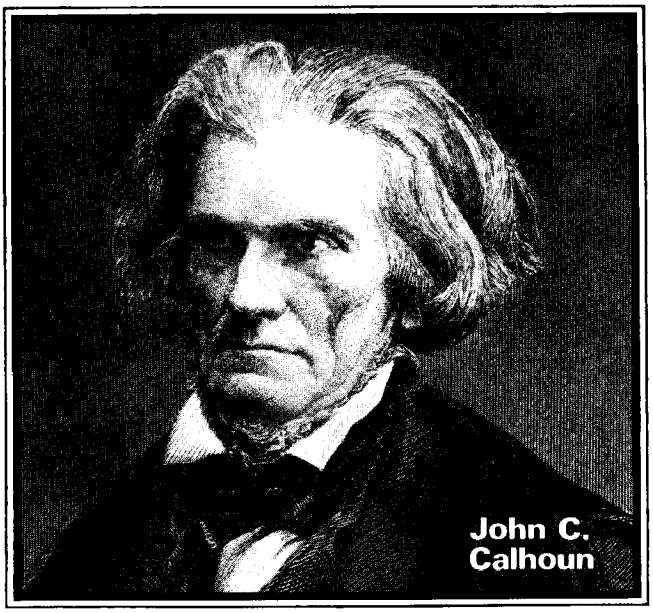
All of the sisters married well, underscoring the social prominence of the O'Neale family. Ellen married James Madison Cutts, Dolly Madison's nephew; May married Dr. John R. Rowland of Philadelphia; Susan wed Colonel J.A.B. Leonard, and Rose married Dr. Robert Greenhow of Williamsburg on December 17, 1833.

Robert Greenhow, some seventeen years senior to Rose, was an extraordinary man. Endowed with wealth, a diversified education, and an aggressive personality, he rose rapidly in government service. Born in 1800, Robert graduated from the College of William and Mary in 1816 and later completed a medical degree at Columbia College. In Europe, he studied medicine at Edinburgh University and languages in Paris where he completed a law course at the Sorbonne. In 1825, Robert began practicing medicine in New York, but in three years time, he abandoned the medical practice to accept an appointment in Washington at the State Department. Working as a translator, librarian, and interpreter, Robert traveled to investigate government claims, using his fluency in French, German, Italian and Spanish to write comprehensive and highly-prized reports of explorations in Mexico and the Northwest. His career was promoted by Edward Livingston, the powerful Secretary of State to President Jackson; and it was through Livingston that Robert first served James Buchanan who had been appointed Minister to Russia in 1832.

The Marriage of Diplomacy and Politics

Calhoun and Buchanan, successive Secretaries of State, relied on Robert's skills as a professional statesman, while Robert became increasingly "political" as these associations deepened. Rose was important to Robert's career sharing correspondence and diplomatic dinners with her husband as he provided counsel to both men. Thus began her political education. In 1841, Calhoun convinced Robert to leave the State Department temporarily to work with Robert Barnwell Rhett, a South Carolinian, on a series of newspaper campaigns engineered to generate support for Calhoun's Presidential campaign (1841-43).

Throughout this period, Rose gained steadily in political sophistication. On August 29, 1849, she wrote to Calhoun:



I think that you will be pleased to learn how compleatly [sic] the free soil party has been eradicated in Pennsylvania. It was brought into being by Mr. Polk's appointment and the Baltimore convention. Mr. Buchanan has stood by the South most effectively and has done what no other man but him could have done and put down the dangerous agitation. He says that the fate of the Union depends upon the firm and unwavering front which the South may present next Winter.

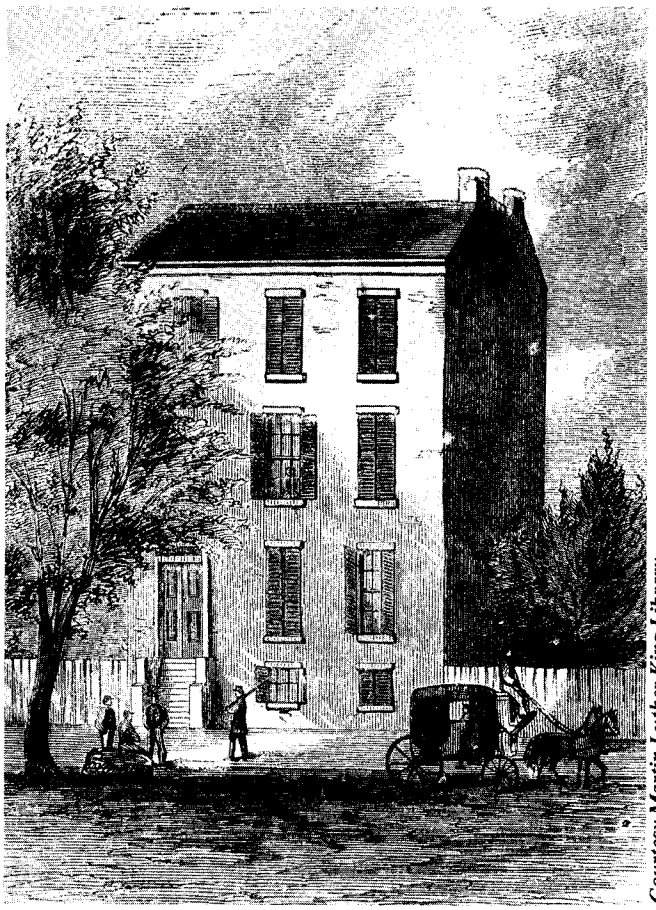
Southern opinion crescendoed into tension in 1849 as the statehood issue in California thwarted the balance of slave and free states. Had she not been alone, South

Carolina might have seceded. "We have borne the wrongs and insults of the North long enough," Calhoun confessed to his daughter. On March 4, 1850, in fragile and deteriorating health, he made his last speech to the Senate, having been supported into the chamber wrapped in flannels:

If you remain silent, you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case, California will become the last question. If you admit her, under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories, with the intention of destroying, irretreivably, the equilibrium between the two sections.

Calhoun suffered his last days in Mrs. Hill's boarding house, on Capitol Hill. Rose visited the invincible Senator before he died on March 31, 1850, in that home shadowed with Washington memories. His doctrine continued to be hers.

By October, the Greenhows had moved to San Francisco where Robert had opened a law office, after completing several months of researching California land claims in Mexico City. Gold rush fever was still in its infant stages, and the promise of the American frontier kindled Robert's interest in exploration and the description of natural boundaries. His writings were prolific, with subjects relfecting the breadth of his geographical and political knowledge — *The History of Oregon and California, Historical and Political Memories of the Northwest Coast, Bering's Voyage to the Arctic Sea,* and *The Seizure of the Argonaut Voyage of La Perouse.*



Courtesy Martin Luther King Library

Engraving, "House of Detention for Female Rebels"* (Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, *September 14, 1861).

The move to California did not undercut the Greenhow's Washington connections. Rose wrote persuasively to Buchanan in 1853, lobbying for a presidential appointment for her husband to the California Land Commissioners. In fact, Robert was named Associate Law Agent of the Commission in that same year, continuing to work on a history of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California.

His death the following year ended all these endeavors. Rose was in Washington when Robert suffered a steep fall in February, 1854, as he walked along a San Francisco street undergoing construction. Six weeks later he died, leaving her a widow with four children. She returned to settle his affairs, leaving her children in the good care of relatives and friends in the East.

The City of San Francisco granted her petition for an award of $10,000 following Mr. Greenhow's death.

Back in Washington, she settled in an exclusive section of the city, just a few blocks from the White House. The three-story house at 398 Sixteenth Street served to entertain numerous Senators and political operatives who moved easily through stately parlors divided by a red gauze curtain and decorated with paintings, fine furniture, and a rosewood piano.

Within two years, she was again engrossed in politics, championing the presidential aspirations of Buchanan. She campaigned for the Pennsylvania bachelor in the West, and it was no secret to the press that she was in Buchanan's inner circle. He won the Presidency in 1856 by frankly appealing to Southern sentiments, carrying every slave state except Maryland. But after his election there was a deep chasm in the party, with the Northern Democrats on one side and the Southern Democrats on the other. In addition Rose's family piety was strained when her niece, Rose Adele Cutts, married the hero of Northern Democrats, Illinois Senator Stephen Douglas; for Rose remained steadfast in her devotion to the Southern political principles and during the next four years she became increasingly convinced of the wisdom of secession.

On March 27, 1860, Mrs. Greenhow hosted a diplomatic dinner to advance the political aspirations of General Joseph Lane of Oregon, who was soon to receive the Vice-Presidential nomination of a separate Democratic convention meeting in Charleston. Among the guests were General Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, who presided over the Charleston convention, Governor William Smith of Virginia, U.S. Senator Milton Latham of California, Mr. Barksdale of Mississippi, a future Confederate General, and Judge Iverson of Georgia.

By the outbreak of the war, the New York *Herald* made note of her influence:

In those gay secession circles which ruled the Court and Cabinet at our Federal City under the diluted rose-water administration of Mr. Buchanan, Mrs. Greenhow was a bright and shining light.

Jest was countered by commitment, and gossip whirled around actions, verifying that Mrs. Greenhow was a Confederate patriot.

Military Intelligence, Arrest, and Imprisonment

In March, 1861, just one month after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Mrs. Greenhow was approached

by Beauregard's right hand man, Colonel Thomas Jordan, who enlisted her aid in battling the Federal forces around Washington. Settling on a communications scheme, Thomas adopted the alias "Thomas J. Rayford" and devised a cipher for their mutual use before leaving Washington for Centreville, Virginia.

The first of three successive coded messages was delivered to the headquarters of General Bonham at Fairfax Court House about July 10, 1861, by a young lady dressed in riding costume named Betty Duval. She had left Washington disguised as a farm girl with a cart, having spent the night across the Potomac River with allies who provided a fresh disguise. Bonham clearly recalled the girl's entrance and described the dramatic intrigue:

...she took out her tucking comb and let fall the longest and most beautiful roll of hair I have ever seen. She took then from the back of her head, where it had been safely tied, a small package, not larger than a silver dollar, sewed up in silk. Enclosed in the pouch was Mrs. Greenhow's initial message that Union forces intended to advance across the Potomac.

The second messenger was a Confederate soldier and former clerk in the Department of the Interior, George Donellan, who delivered her urgent note to Jordan on July 16. Cleverly tucked in the heel of his boot, the coded information warned that McDowell's troops, some 50,000 strong, would positively begin their advance that day from Arlington Heights and Alexandria on to Manassas, via Fairfax Court House and Centreville. Learning that McDowell planned to destroy the Manassas-Winchester Railroad in order to cut off Johnston's forces, Rose dispatched her third warning, in cipher, through Donellan to Jordan on July 17.

Was Mrs. Greenhow really instrumental in winning the Battle of Manassas? Beauregard's recollections of the events in July 1861 confirm this view. After receiving her first message, "I then immediately commenced making my preparations to receive his [McDowell's] immediate attack," said Beauregard, "and I sent one of my aides [Col. T.S. Preston] to communicate the information received to the President, as well as my future operations." News of the second message was telegraphed to President Davis the following morning, according to Beauregard's records. Decidedly outmaneuvered, McDowell faced 32,000 Confederates rather than 20,000 across Bull Run Creek on Sunday, July 21. And when victory was theirs, Jordan sent the following message from Manassas to Rose in Washington. "Our President and our General direct me to thank you. We rely upon you for further information."

Her reputation as a secessionist woman electrified Washington gossip after the Battle of Manassas. But Republican friends and union officers continued to parade in and out of her house. Her access to power and her ability to arrange introductions and appointments remained highly regarded. By August, she was being watched by Allan Pinkerton, the private Chicago detective, using the alias E.J. Allen in his assignments for the Union. Aggravated in his attempts to arrest Mrs. Greenhow in the act of treason, he had developed a healthy respect for his adversary. Pinkerton confessed in 1861:

that since the commencement of this rebellion this woman from her long residence at the Capitol, her superior education, her uncommon social powers, her very extensive acquaintances among and her active association with the leading politicians of this nation has possessed an almost superhuman power, all of which she has most wickedly used to destroy the Government.

Pinkerton persisted. On August 23, as Rose was returning from a promenade, she was arrested by two men, one in citizen's dress and the other in the fatigue dress of a U.S. Army officer. Marching into her home, which henceforth became a prison, the detectives interrogated Mrs. Greenhow and searched her papers, eventually dividing them into packets labeled "highly important, political, legal, etc.," and then forwarding them to the War Department. Included in the bundles were newspaper clippings documenting the union troop movements in August around Washington and reports from *The New York Times* on the need for cotton and tobacco in France and England.

Of sensational interest were fragments of letters written in cipher along with pieces of the cipher itself, which detectives had rescued from Mrs. Greenhow's burning stove. Word had it that the U.S. War Department offered a cash reward for the key to the cipher (Fig. 1). A host of Federal agents went to work on a ciphered letter dated July 31 and penned the following interpretation now in the National Archives:

All is activity. McClellan is busy night and day. But the panic is great and the attack is hourly expected. They believe that the attack will be made simultaneous from Edwards Ferry and Baltimore. Every effort is being made to find out who gave the alarm...

The agents had little trouble gathering the evidence; it was capping the secessionist's network and curtailing Confederate communication that proved to be a problem.

Others were brought to Mrs. Greenhow's home, so that by late summer of 1861 it was nicknamed Fort Greenhow, or more politely, "the House of Detention for Female Rebels" (Fig. 2). These included: Mrs. Philip Phillips, wife of the former Representative from Alabama, and her sister Mrs. Levy along with her two daughters; Mrs. F.A. Hassler, a courier in Mrs. Greenhow's Washington network; Mrs. M.A. Onderdonk, arrested in Chicago; Mrs. Elena Lonse, arrested in Boston, and her son; Mrs. Jackson; Miss Lilly Mackle; Miss Ellie M. Poole, arrested in West Virginia; Mrs. Baxley of Baltimore. All of these women, in addition to about ten more arrested in Alexandria, were confined for varying periods of time at Fort Greenhow. What had been a gracious antebellum home became a prison with bitter memories. Describing the disruption which took place after being told on August 30 that other prisoners would be brought in, she recalled:

My parlours were stripped of their furniture, which was conveyed into the chamber for the use of the prisoners. By this time I had become perfectly callous. Everything showed signs of the contamination. Those unkempt, unwashed wretches — the detective police — had rolled themselves in my fine linen; their mark was visible upon every chair and sofa.

Outside her home, the scene had also darkened. She saw closed schools, streets filled with drunk soldiers, and as she put it, overflowing with "greedy adventurers seeking office. Day after day, and month after month, the resistless tide, with black glazed carpet-bag in hand, came rolling in."

As Rose bristled inside Fort Greenhow, Yankee journalists had a field day publicizing her arrest. To Northerners, she was a symbol of secession and what activist Southern philosophy did to virtuous Southern women. Following her arrest in August, *The New York Herald* editorialized that she and "other accomplished and charming ladies of this dominant Southern social circle" brought down "the imbecile administration of Mr. Buchanan" and led the country to war. No "more accomplished, sagacious, and industrious" a circle of female politicians were they than those of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror, said the *Herald.* Responding to the story of Mrs. Greenhow's arrest, *Vanity Fair* published in August a cartoon depicting a jeweled spider, inscribed with "CSA" over the eyes, having spun a web around a nest labeled "Manassas Junction." The caption read: "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider." Perhaps the most stinging story written that month was from Horace Greeley, the liberal editor of *The New York Tribune:*

The Southern lady crystallized at the Capitol. Statesmen were indebted to her for late suppers. She was mistress of the lobby. She did honors of diplomacy. She gave Washington that charming tone of refinement which has been generally observed by strangers. Intrigue was the rule of the Southern lady's life, and now we see that it was her destiny. She had prepared herself admirably for 'treason, strategem and spoils.' Her tact and her beauty, her trunks, parlors, and crinoline are all lent to the work of the Rebellion. The aid and comfort of the enemy beyond the Potomac were from the first mainly derived from the ladies of the ***ancien regime*** *at Washington. The recent arrest of some of the chief of these is a sad commentary on the fallen estate of 'chivalry' in the Republic.*

On January 18, 1862, Mrs. Greenhow and her daughter Rose were transferred to Old Capitol which had been converted from her aunt's boarding house to a Federal military prison in 1861.

Sensationalism raged. *The New York Herald* reported on September 3, 1861, that two fires had been set between one and three in the morning by incendiaries in an attempt to free the "secesh" women. On November 17, Mrs. Greenhow wrote to Secretary of State William H. Seward, bitterly describing her detention and challenging him "to imprison her soul, if he dared." "A blow has been struck," she said, "by this total disregard of all civil rights against the present system of government far greater in its effect that the severance of the Southern States." The powerful letter, which was smuggled out of Fort Greenhow, was reprinted in both the New York *Herald* and the Richmond *Whig.* Even the events at Christmas became a subject for stories from Fort Greenhow. When Mrs. Stephen Douglas brought her aunt a holiday cake, it was apprehended by Lieutenant G.F. Sheldon who suspected a plot. As the *Herald* reported it on January 1, 1862, Sheldon "examined the cake and found embedded therein a note informing that lady, Mrs. Greenhow, that arrangements had been made for her escape and conveyance to Richmond, naming the day and hour for her deliverance."

On January 18, 1862, Mrs. Greenhow and her daughter Rose were transferred to Old Capitol which had been converted from her aunt's boarding house to a Federal military prison in 1861. (Fig. 3). Her cell was in the back of the prison on the northwest side, with a window barred with thick wooden boards allowing a narrow view of the prison yard (Fig. 4). It was furnished, she said, with "a straw bed, with a pair of

Photograph, Old Capitol Prison, c. 1862. By Matthew Brady. This building once held 1,004 prisoners including Rose Greenhow and another famous Confederate woman, Belle Boyd.

Courtesy Library of Congress

newly-made unwashed cotton sheets — a small feather pillow, dingy and dirty enough to have formed part of the furniture of the Mayflower — a few wooden chairs, a wooden table, and a glass, six by eight inches..." Her eight-year-old daughter was periodically sick under these conditions; but in brighter moments, according to Mrs. Greenhow, she would sing "Jeff Davis is coming" just to scare the guards. Known by soldiers as incredibly high-spirited, Mrs. Greenhow was rumored to be unafraid of the devil himself as she continued to send messages to the Confederates.

A formal inquiry of Mrs. Greenhow's alleged treasonous activities was conducted by Major General John A. Dix and Judge Edwards Pierrepont on March 29, 1862. When these commissioners, empowered by Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton to examine State prisoners, announced to Rose that she was charged with treason, she retorted that they were ministers of a "President who has violated the Constitution, destroyed the personal rights of the citizen, and inaugurated revolution." With papers seized from her house in the hands of General Dix, the direct examination proceeded:

Judge Pierrepont: The charge that is brought against you is for aiding the enemy to military information.

Mrs. Greenhow: I am a Southern Woman, with Southern sentiments. I have a right to aid my cause in any manner that lies in my power...
General Dix: I want to know in regard to this letter which was found in your home. It reads: 'There are 45,000 on the Virginia side, 15,000 around the City of Washington, etc., etc.' Did you write this?
Mrs. Greenhow: I have no recollection of it.
General Dix: There are other letters of the same sort.
Mrs. Greenhow: Are those letters said to have been found in my house?
General Dix: Yes.
Mrs. Greenhow: I think that is false. I think that is unequivocably false. I don't swear it is. I have been in the habit of entertaining guests at my house. So far as I am myself concerned, I pronounce it unequivocably false.
Judge Pierrepont: The charge is not that you wrote these letters, but that it was through your agency they were transmitted.
Mrs. Greenhow: That I pronounce to be false. No letters were left with Mrs. Greenhow to be transmitted through her agency. I say I am no one's agent. They might have been there, and they might not have been there. I am not to be made accountable for my guests.

After more questions, Pierrepont wryly concluded that Rose was not "bent so much on treason as on mischief."

On June 2, 1862, after more than nine months of detention by Union forces, Mrs. Greenhow and her daughter were released. Having been taken by military escort to Fortress Monroe, where she signed a statement not to return north of the Potomac during the War, she made her way to Richmond.

Freedom and the Final Mission

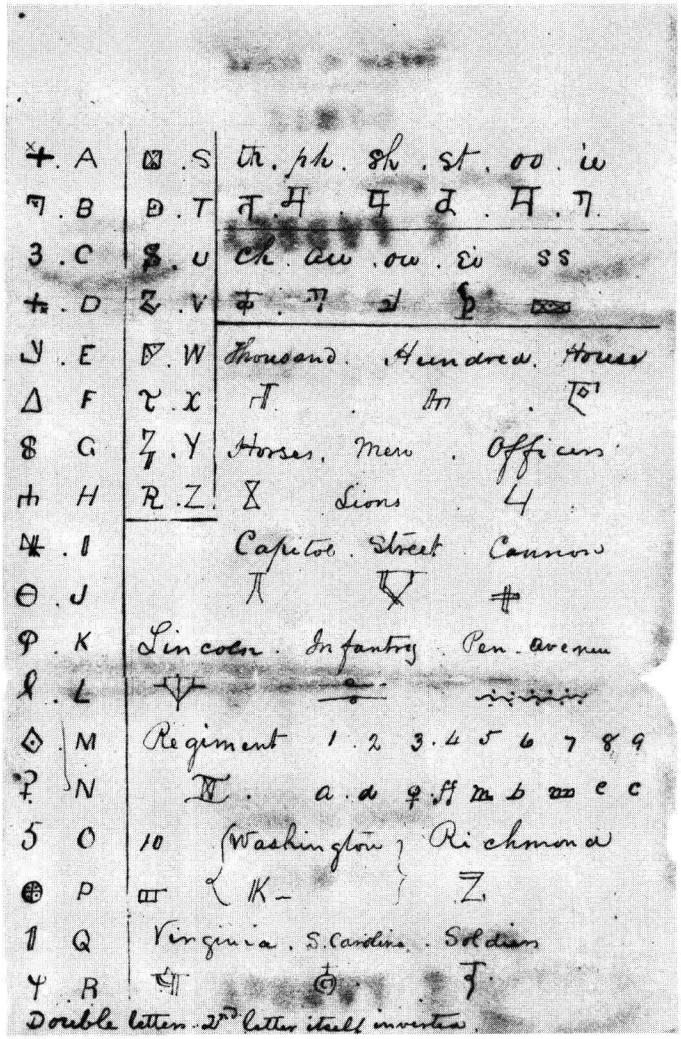
Mrs. Greenhow was instantly a celebrity in Richmond, staying at the Spottswood Hotel and receiving regular callers bearing good wishes. On June 5, 1862, the Richmond *Dispatch* reported that she was indeed welcomed in the city having represented the true feelings of every Southern lady, never failing to let her true sentiments be known.

She received an official award from the Confederacy on August 1. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, sent to Mrs. Greenhow "on instructions from the President a check for $2,500 appropriated by him as an acknowledgment of the valuable and patriotic service rendered by you to our cause."

During the next year, she recorded her memories of federal prison and Republican rule, shaping the writing into book form. And from time to time, she corresponed with both Davis and Beauregard. On August 1, 1863, she wrote to the latter that "I was in Richmond for two days, 28th and 29th, and urged upon the Government the necessity of sending you the heavy guns and mortars, which have been called for by you — stating my conviction that with them you could successfully defend Charleston."

Four days later, Mrs. Greenhow sailed from Wilmington on the Confederate blockade runner Phantom, destined for London and Paris, determined to

Cipher key, c. 1861, discovered in Rose Greenhow's possessions after her drowning in the Cape Fear River, North Carolina. Cipher characters represent elements of Greek and Hindi in addition to symbols for essential words such as infantry, horses, and regiment.



Courtesy North Carolina State Archives

The Daughters of the Confederacy honor the memory of Rose Greenhow on Memorial Day, but her name and dignity are not always remembered outside of the Wilmington gravesite in North Carolina. Why is Mrs. Greenhow not listed in the **Dictionary of American Biography***? Have her biographers, who freely used the word "spy" in their descriptions, unwittingly given her an onerous place in history? It is time that we recognize Mrs. Greenhow as a Southern Patriot.*

publish the book and garner political and financial support for the Confederacy. Her diary of that trip, a one hundred twenty-eight page journal now in the North Carolina State Archives, reveals that the Phantom was carrying valuable cargo of five hundred fifty bales of cotton, stopping first in Bermuda. Impressions of agricultural productivity and labor problems were recorded during the Bermuda visit.

In London, Rose found a publisher, Richard Bentley, who brought out the three hundred fifty-two page volume on November 6, 1863. Titled *My Imprisonment and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington,* the book featured a Confederate flag embossed on the blue leather cover and a frontispiece featuring an engraving of a demure Mrs. Greenhow. Her purpose was clearly stated:

> *It is hoped that the story may excite more than a simple feeling of indignation or commiseration, by exhibiting somewhat of the intolerant spirit in which the present crusade against the liberties of sovereign States was undertaken, and somewhat of the true character of that race of people who insist on compelling us by force to live with them in bonds of fellowship and union.*

The narrative was stirring: praise for the "far-famed, delicately nurtured" ladies of Maryland; condemnation for the unscrupulous Black Republicans; disclosures of her own "presentiments" of future events. "For liberty," she said, "true civil liberty, cannot exist where *rights* are on one side of a geographic line, and the power on the other."

For the next nine months, Rose addressed the business of winning Confederate support, travelling back and forth between England and France. Her keen determination in London alone produced over one hundred names in her address book. In meeting with Lord Derby, she announced that "we expect recognition and the impartial observance of neutrality laws." Lord Derby, she believed, judged her to be "the best diplomat I have ever seen." (Fig. 5) In France, she gained an audience with Emperor Napoleon, recording part of the encounter in French. There is real sympathy with the South, she concluded, but the French are too occupied with "the Mexican question" to recognize the Confederacy. And with England, she determined that "the Queen was the chief obstacle" to recognition.

On August 10, 1864, Mrs. Greenhow sailed from Greenock, Scotland, on the blockade runner *Condor,* destined for North Carolina. Reflecting on her journey, she confessed, "I was literally a stranger in the land of my fathers and a feeling of cold isolation was upon me." By October 1 the steamer had reached the Cape Fear River only to be attacked by the Union vessel *Nipon.* Although soon in range of the protective guns at Fort Fisher, Rose left the *Condor* in a small boat, anxious to reach the shore. Stormy waves capsized the craft, and Rose drowned with a reported recticule of gold around her neck. Her funeral, replete with full military honors, was conducted at St. Thomas Church on October 2, 1864. The cross that marks her grave bears the following inscription:

> *Mrs. Rose O'N. Greenhow,* a bearer of dispatches to the Confederate Government. Erected by the Ladies Memorial Association.

The Daughters of the Confederacy honor the memory of Rose Greenhow on Memorial Day, but her name and dignity are not always remembered outside of the Wilmington gravesite in North Carolina. Why is Mrs. Greenhow not listed in the *Dictionary of American Biography?* Have her biographers, who freely used the word "spy" in their descriptions, unwittingly given her an onerous place in history? She vowed not to suppress any facts which "would be interesting or useful to my Confederate countrymen..." It is time that we recognize Mrs. Greenhow as a Southern Patriot.

Luna Lambert has her Ph.D. in history from Chapel Hill. She now resides in Virginia and teaches in Maryland.

A Collector's Poem

"Salutatory to the South"

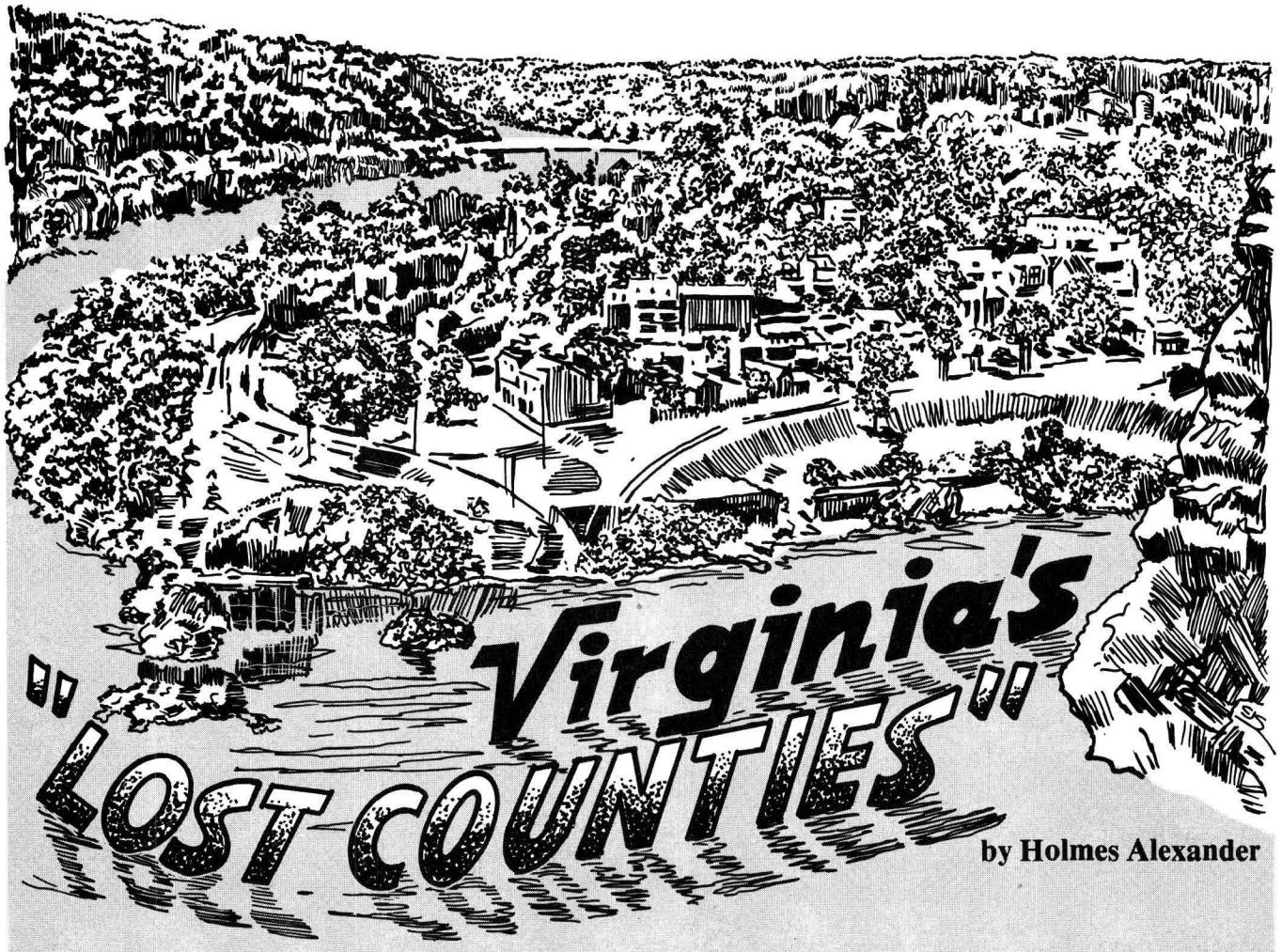
By Louise Nettles

I was born on April 12, 1861, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and the Constitution of the Confederate States is my birth certificate. The blood lines of the South run through my veins, for I offer freedom that each state should regulate her own affairs, according to its best interest. I am many things and many people. I AM THE SOUTH. I am millions of living souls, and ghosts of thousands who died for me. I am Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. I stood at Fort Sumter and fired "the shot heard thru the young nation." I am Longstreet, Hood and Patrick R. Cleburne. I am Generals, Johnston and Beauregard: And JEFFERSON DAVIS. I remember Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Vicksburg and Atlanta. When Duty called, I answered, and stayed until it was over, I left my heroic dead in Chickamauga, in the fields of Shiloh, on the bloody hills of Manassas, and the mountains of Kennesaw.

I am the Mississippi River, the cotton fields of Alabama, and the piney woods of the Carolina's. I am the coal fields of Virginia and Kentucky, the Florida Coast, and Louisiana Bayou. I am Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. I am forest, field, mountain, and rivers. I am the quiet villages and the cities that never sleep. I am the heritage that's being forgotten, the dying memory, of a way of life that is being still. You see me in the twilight and hear of me in Dixie, as the past continues to fade each year. Yes, I AM THE SOUTH. And these are the things that I represent.

I was conceived by force, and God willing, I'll spend the rest of my days remembering my birth. May I possess always the integrity, the courage, and the strength to keep my heritage alive, to remain a loyal southerner, and stand tall and proud to the rest of the world. This is my goal, my hope, my prayer.

$5.00 Per Poem, plus $1.00 for postage and handling. Allow three weeks for delivery. Checks or money orders only. Mail to: Southern Poems, 1103 A Balboa Court NW, Norcross, Georgia 30093.



Virginia's "Lost Counties"

by Holmes Alexander

You can stand on the station platform at Harpers Ferry and see three States, two battlefields, two rivers and a panorama of natural scenery which the Kiwanis Club calls "the Little Switzerland of America" and which Thomas Jefferson said was "one of the most stupendous scenes in nature...worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

Where the chasm yawns beneath and Shenandoah flows into Potomac, you behold the gigantic tumult of nature's mighty forces meeting her immovable objects. Where the valley flattens out beyond, you look upon a tranquility of meadow and stream which the Indians named Sherundo—"clear-eyed daughter of the stars."

The sermon in stone that Mr. Jefferson read "of a war between rivers and mountains that must have shaken the earth itself to its core" is yet legible. With the third President's imagination you can picture, as did he, an inland ocean hurling its breakers against the peaks of the Blue Ridge until at last that mammoth bulwark was rent from summit to base, its fragments scattered as huge boulders the length and breadth of the valley, the waters themselves tumbling toward the Atlantic.

Or, lacking Mr. Jefferson's vision, you may read other writings on the wall of rock before you. That black hole gouged in the mountain's side you will recognize as the railroad tunnel which connects Washington with Ohio and the West. Symbolically, it is more than a tunnel; rather, a gaping wound still seeming to bleed of smoke and soot, festering the soil wherein it was cut. For, as any native can inform you, not the Union armies, but the B.&O. Railroad conquered the land on which you stand.

"The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," wrote Governor Letcher, of war-ravaged Virginia, "has been a positive nuisance to this State...it must be abated."

Acting on this suggestion Stonewall Jackson did his share of abating by tearing up bridges and track faster than the workmen could mend them (because, local legend insists, the trains disturbed his soldiers' sleep). But in '63, when the trans-Appalachian counties seceded to form the independent State of West Virginia, the railroad lobbyists at Washington arranged that a cargo of soldiers and carpet-baggers be shipped into Charles Town for the purpose of preserving the Shenandoah water gap to the Union. At a plebiscite to represent several thousand souls only 172 votes went into the ballot boxes and from these the will of the people was judged to be for annexation.

In '67 and again in '71 Virginia sued for the return of her lost provinces, but the Reconstruction Congress, and later the Supreme Court, gave sanction to the farcical plebiscite of '63.

It is no longer fashionable, of course, to be sentimental about the South. Still these Shenandoah counties of Berkeley and Jefferson pose a most melancholy case. They are the waifs of the Confederacy — the Alsace-Lorraine of the South. And if such songs as the "Old

Kentucky Home" deserve a tear, certainly these lost provinces are worth, at least, a lump in the throat. It is one thing to have gone down fighting off an invader; something else to have been kidnapped and taken alive. It is proud memory for a community to boast itself an unreconstructed rebel, flaunting its Stars and Bars; but it is ironic and mournful for a constituency to have supplied these same Stars and Bars with more troops than any section of the South, and yet have its mail postmarked West Virginia. But just that happened here.

When Robert E. Lee called this district "the granary of the South," he referred, one must conjecture, not only to its teeming fields and bending orchards — capable, by his estimation, of feeding 40,000 warriors — but to its incredible wealth of manpower.

With her ten companies of regulars and her hosts of volunteers, Jefferson led all the Southern counties. With twenty-seven battlefields within her cramped borders, she seemed to offer herself as the testing ground of her cause. And it was ever thus. The first body of men to join General Washington came from Morang's Spring; four companies and four generals followed them into the Continental Army. During World War I Charles Town, from a total population of 4,000 sent 500 men to the colors.

Yet with all this array of martial facts, it is singular and significant that the glory of war never dwelt in this delta between the Potomac and the Shenandoah. A valley of warriors, it is also a vale of sadness. If battles were fought, most of them were sanguinary tragedies to the home force.

By the nineteenth century General Lee marched through Pack Horse Ford, at Shepherdstown, to and from the horrors of Sharpesburg. In the eighteenth century General Braddock crossed the same shallows on his way to the most ghastly defeat of the French and Indian wars, a campaign in which George Washington was captured and compelled to sign articles of surrender wherein he ignominiously admitted himself guilty of the assassination of a French official.

And many generations before white men came, a prodigious battle at this same location left the earth strewn with skulls of Delaware and Catawba braves. At Swearingen Spring the victorious Catawbas buried alive a rival chieftain, and superstition still persists that the spurts of the water come from his beating heart. Could anything more exactly symbolize this spirit which seems to brood over the Shenandoah counties?

The tourist, crossing from Maryland for a trip through the valley, will pause on West Virginia soil only long enough to recall that John Brown was captured at Harpers Ferry, tried, convicted and hanged at Charles Town. He will not stand on the heights at Sheperdstown and view the site from which Horatio Gates cried "By God! She moves," as James Rumsey piloted America's first steamboat upstream more than twenty years before Robert Fulton chugged up the Hudson. He will not visit the masonic caves at Charles Town up the side of which George Washington climbed and carved his name. He will not ask his way to Braddock's Well or Washington's Tree or the Old Ronemus Graveyard or the ruins of St. George's Chapel, where Washington worshipped and the sheet roof of which was melted to mould bullets against the Yankee invaders. Moreover, if the tourist be someone seeking a picturesque or historic estate upon which to settle, he will be no wiser. For he will drive along roads which lead past the ancestral manors of Washingtons and Lees and Gates and Kennedys — Claymont Court, Harewood, Traveler's Rest, Mordington — all waiting only the nod of a purchase. But the only thing more difficult than selling a swamp in Florida is selling a genuine landmark in West Virginia. Six or eight miles along the road at Berryville the land marts do thriving business with prosperous Northerners, but such townships as Charles Town, Harpers Ferry, Martinsburg and Shepherdstown only wave immigrants a hail and farewell.

It is no longer fashionable, of course, to be sentimental about the South. Still these Shenandoah counties of Berkeley and Jefferson pose a most melancholy case. They are the waifs of the Confederacy — the Alsace-Lorraine of the South.

Be that as it may, it would seem difficult to name a region in the South more rich in legend and lore. For many generations preserved by the Indians as a happy hunting ground, the upper valley lay behind its sheltering mountains unexplored by the colonists.

It was more than two centuries after Columbus when the stalwart Governor Spotswood and twelve companions pushed to the summit at Swift Run Gap and "drank King George's health and all the royal family's" — for which consideration his Majesty sent Spotswood a baronetcy and a golden horseshoe studded with diamonds. Thus was founded the proud order of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

Three decades later another expedition attempted the hazardous journey, a party led this time by Lord Fairfax, whose young surveyor, George Washington, was so enthralled that he staked out large claims for himself and induced his two younger brothers, Charles and Samuel, to do likewise. Together George and Samuel built Harewood, Charles built Mordington and, being also a surveyor, laid out a village which he named for himself, Charles Town. Still later came Bushrod Washington to establish Claymont Court, a veritable Versailles with enclosed courts, terraced gardens and a driveway that still meanders two miles through a virgin forest of oaks. George unexpectedly became heir to Mount Vernon, but other Washingtons poured into what is now Jefferson county, until by '61 it was said a roll-call of Jackson's Stonewall Brigade read like the Washington family tree.

Soon Jefferson county ceased to be a pioneer region and became a highly civilized squirearchy, known on both sides of the Atlantic as a sanctuary of culture and taste.

How this came to pass despite the absence of either cities or universities requires some explanation. There was, first, the matter of agriculture. Jefferson county contained no big plantations. As a consequence, the divergence of wealth between planter and poor white did not exist. Like the city-states of ancient Greece, this province became a one-level social system, bul-

By the early decades of the nineteenth century, the community had come into the flower of its prime and had begun to gather the moss of its traditions.

warked against immigration by its mountains, safeguarded against proletarianista by slave labor and against economic disasters by the fact that most of its produce was of stable value.

When the fluctuating prices of cotton and tobacco wrought debt and havoc to the far-South, the Shenandoah county continued to thrive. You could not eat cotton and tobacco, but with grain and vegetables in your fields, fruits in your orchards, blue grass in your pastures, there was little to fear.

Large library collections, such as existed at Cassilis and Claymont Court, supplied the intellectual stimulus, just as proximity to Washington maintained an interest in national affairs. Moreover, the native resource of limestone made for a permanent and classical style of architecture.

By the early decades of the nineteenth century, the community had come into the flower of its prime and had begun to gather the moss of its traditions. Mr. Jefferson's enthusiasm did much to promote appreciation of the natural beauties; the Washington homesteads gave it the aristocratic glamor of an almost sacred name, and it was a great day when James Madison rode into Harewood to marry Dolly Todd at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Steptoe Washington.

By mid-century Charles Town boasted a European reputation as a literary colony and as a Mecca of intellectual hospitality. Cassilis, the home of Andrew Kennedy, became a perpetual salon for his brother, author of the best-selling "Swallow Barn" and "Horseshoe Robinson," who came to live there with a retinue of followers which included his young protege, Edgar Allan Poe, and his old friend, Washington Irving, who was seeking material for his monumental "Life of the First President." And the great Mr. Thackeray, who was on his way westward to write a proposed novel called "The Californians," stopped off at Cassilis and went no further. Instead of "The Californians" he wrote "The Virginians." Shortly afterward, the deposed Prince Luis-Phillippe and his brothers took up a highly wined-and-dined refuge at Harewood; and some years later Frank Stockton, prospering under the fame of his "The Lady or The Tiger," sought somewhere to repose as a literary patriarch and bought Claymont Court, where he carried on its traditions until his death.

By this time, though, the golden days had passed. The War Between The States accounted for that. Both armies crossed and recrossed the fields, trampling down crops, carrying off horses, family silver and slaves. It is still told in Charles Town that by the middle of the war only one grown man remained to be seen on the streets. He was a certain Mr. Washington, a cripple with a hunched back, but one morning his home was noticed to be shuttered and closed — not to be reopened until "Cousin John" (so known to nearly every white person in town) rode back in his gray uniform after Appomattox.

To write in praise, or even in justice, of Jefferson county is necessarily to use the past tense. To be sure, it leads all West Virginia counties in the production of grain and blooded live stock; to be sure, some enterprising speculators established a race track there. But such evidence of prosperity and sophistication seems only a mockery to the memory of the days when they killed the fatted calves at Claymont to feast the Marquis de LaFayette and when honest Sam Washington used to boast that he had five wives and the fastest pack of fox hounds in America.

A farewell, indeed, to those faded glories. Claymont Court, which might rival Mount Vernon, Monticello and Arlington as a showplace, became derelict of nailed-up windows, lost in a sea of uncut lawns and overgrown gardens. Twice in recent years I have gone there and prowled for hours without seeing anyone except a bent old Negro who hoes potatoes down behind the great stable and coach house, themselves the size of an ordinary suburban home.

Harewood remains inhabited by farmer folk who are mildly surprised when you show enough interest to pause for a look at the stones which George Washington possibly laid with his own hands. The total lack of commercialism in connection with these historical legacies is at once a charm and a discouragement to the tourist. No agency offers to show him around, no sign points the way to these estates, and you may travel without hope or fear of being sold a souvenir. Someone may, on the other hand, actually give you a trophy or two.

And everywhere about you there exists the spirit of melancholy, this proud resentment of an ironic fate which, no doubt, still lives in the deathless heart of that buried Delaware chieftain.

Long ago the wheels of progress and the clock of time ceased to move forward. The young men went to the cities to seek fortunes; the girls married across the mountains and the rivers. The last generation you feel, who shared the old vision and glory were those fortunate enough to have been born before the annexation, the ones who were eligible for tombstones which read "Born: Charles Town, Virginia."

And those words, you are sure, become the proudest of epitaphs.

Senior editor Holmes Alexander wrote this piece as a very young man in the 1930s. We publish it now filled with the sensation of having discovered a lost treasure.

A Partisan Conversation

With Trent Lott

Representative Trent Lott was elected minority whip of the U.S. House of Representatives on December 8, 1980, the first Southerner to hold that position in modern history. A Democrat until the eve of his election to Congress in 1972, Representative Lott served as Administrative Assistant to the highly respected Representative William M. Colmer, Chairman of the House Rules Committee. Upon his retirement in 1972, Chairman Colmer took the unprecedented course of crossing party lines to endorse Lott for his seat only weeks prior to the election. Representative Lott is a native of Pascagoula, Mississippi, a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and a practicing attorney. He is first among a handful of Southern Congressmen who have refused to repudiate their heritage. This exclusive **Partisan** *interview was given in Congressman Lott's Washington office.*

PARTISAN: At the convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in Biloxi, Mississippi you made the statement that "the spirit of Jefferson Davis lives in the 1984 Republican Platform." What did you mean by that?

LOTT: I think that a lot of the fundamental principles that Jefferson Davis believed in are very important today to people all across the country, and they apply to the Republican Party. It is the more conservative party. It is the party more concerned about not having government dominance. It is the party that believes the least government is the best government, the party that is closest to the grass roots.

For example, we think more decisions should be made in Biloxi, Mississippi or Des Moines, Iowa or Los Angeles, California about what the people want their government to do, what will be done with their tax money, even if that means not bringing those dollars to Washington. As a matter of fact, the Republican Party still believes that the states have a specified role under the Constitution.

After the War between the States, a lot of Southerners identified with the Democrat Party because of the radical Republicans we had at that

time, particularly in the Senate. The South was wedded to that party for years and years and years. But we have seen the Republican Party become more conservative and more oriented toward the traditional family values, the religious values that we hold dear in the South. And the Democratic Party has been going in the other direction. As a result of that, more and more of The South's sons, Jefferson Davis' descendents, direct or indirect, are becoming involved in the Republican Party. The platform we had in Dallas, the 1984 Republican platform, all the ideas we supported there — from tax policy, to foreign policy; from individual rights, to neighborhood security — are things that Jefferson Davis and his people believed in.

PARTISAN: Yet White House Chief of Staff James Baker repeatedly disavowed the document. He said it belonged to the party and not to the President. How do you react to that?

LOTT: Well, I think the President supported the platform. I think I know him well enough to know that he was delighted with it. Remember, he was running nationwide. He was running with all segments of society and there are some things in the platform he may not have wanted to point out publicly, although I know personally and privately he did support them. Of course there will be a line or two that you don't agree with. Also remember, a party platform is not just for the President. It's also written for senators, congressmen and governors, and state legislators and mayors. Most importantly of all, it's written for the grass roots of America, the people who are out there working, going to church, looking after families, paying their taxes. They don't hold any office but they're concerned about the future of the country. That's what a platform is all about.

As for Jim Baker, I'm sure he would have liked to have written personally more of the language in there, but we cooperated with the White House. We tried to save them, frankly, because Mondale was saying "Hey, I'm for raising taxes," and the White House was kind of wobbling around. So we said in the platform, "Look, we are basically opposed to raising taxes to deal with the deficit problem. The problem is not that we don't have enough revenue coming to Washington, the problem is that we are spending too much." Now if that makes the White House uncomfortable, let me tell you, we took the politically wise position, and I think the more responsible position.

PARTISAN: Well, speaking of being comfortable, let's talk about whether the South can be comfortable with the Republican Party. We have not a single representative of a Southern state in the President's Cabinet; very few of the major appointments have gone to Southerners. Yet clearly a Republican president cannot be elected without the South. Can a conservative Southerner ever be completely comfortable with the Republican Party?

LOTT: Sure. I think Southerners are becoming more and more comfortable with the Republican Party. We did have a cabinet secretary, Secretary of Energy, Jim Edwards from South Carolina. I don't think anybody can deny that Strom Thurmond is a very potent force in Washington, both in the Senate and the Administration, President Pro Tempore of the Senate. He's had a lot to say about appointments in the Administration, as well as the Federal judiciary, which is very important.

The South is gaining ground. For instance, my former administrative assistant from Gulfport, Mississippi, Tom Anderson, is now Ambassador to Barbados and other islands in the Caribbean. It's a slow-moving process. As we become more actively involved in the Republican Party, we will get more of the plums that go with it. I'm the first Republican from the South ever to hold one of the two top leadership positions in the House of Representatives in the Republican party. Imagine that: the Republican Whip in the House of Representatives is from Mississippi — not Indiana, not Michigan, not Vermont, or any of those traditionally Republican States — but from the deep, deep south — Mississippi. And the same is true when you look at the Senate, where the Republicans are now in control. The Republican leader is Howard Baker from Tennessee. The chairmen over there include John Tower of Texas and Jesse Helms of North Carolina. John Warner of Virginia will take John Tower's place as chairman of Armed Services Committee. Strom Thurmond in Judiciary. The list goes right on down to Jeremiah Denton from Alabama, who was elected in an unprecedented election. Thad Cochran from Mississippi.

As the Republican Party becomes truly a party that looks to the future, with basic conservative principles, the South will become even more involved. We will, I think, have almost a dominant effect on the Republican Party in years to come.

PARTISAN: Yes. But Jim Edwards has stepped down and Tower and Baker are retiring. And Thurmond got his position by virtue of seniority. Of course, we can all agree that the South has been valuable to the Republican Party. Yet, the Reagan Administration presided over a Justice Department content to continue control of local schools, colleges and local governments in the South by federal courts...

LOTT: Obviously, any administration is not without some faults. It's obvious to me that President Reagan needed four more years to continue to change things in a positive way. The Justice Department is still a vast wasteland run by a bunch of professional lawyers, a lot of them from schools like Harvard, who have a completely different agenda from President Reagan's. They fight him. They undermine his policies. Then, when the Congress tries to influence their actions, they put out press leaks about what we are trying to do. I have felt the same way about the State Department in some instances, although I have to say they are beginning to bring the State Department around some. Their policies have improved, although not enough to suit me.

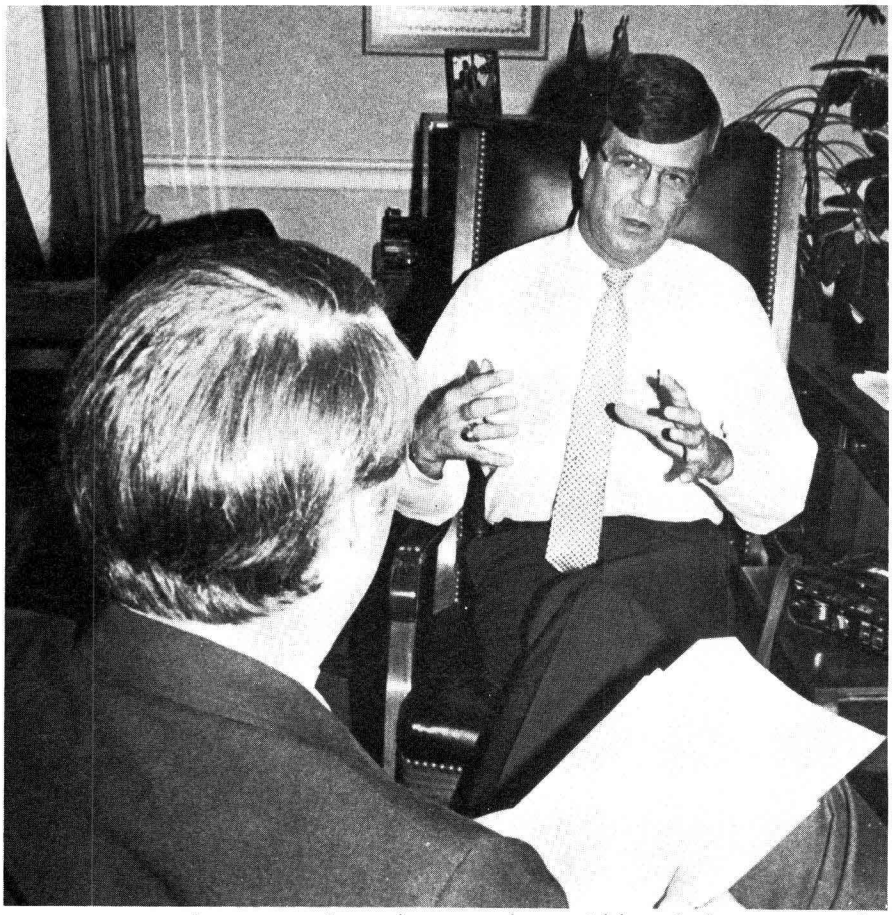
I would like to see President Reagan really tighten up on the State Department. I would like him to give a major overhaul to the Justice Department. His intent is there. That's why he wanted Ed Meese as his Attorney General, because Ed understands what needs to be done in the Justice Department. He would be a trusted confidant to the President. And that's precisely why Ed Meese has not been confirmed. The career bureaucrats, the establishment, the organizations in Washington that want to continue their liberal agenda, are fighting tooth and toenail to keep Ed Meese or anybody like him out of the key positions. They view the Justice Department as their private turf, and they don't want anybody messing with it.

But there is one other thing about the South. The South has voted for Republican presidential candidates (and quite often recently, for Republican Senate candidates and more and more often for Republican House candidates). Still the South has remained wedded to the label of the Democratic Party. Now it's time for the South to realize they are flying under false colors.

The Democratic Party just basically does not stand for the things we believe in as Southerners. For us to continue to be wedded to it because of events that took place after the War between the States, the War of Aggression, and because our fathers or grandfathers were identified with that Party, is a terrible mistake. We have to begin at the grass roots, by electing supervisors, state legislators and governors who won't pay lip service to a national party that Southerners really don't agree with. Now the Democrats are for big government. They are for higher taxes. They are for weakening the national defense of this country. They are for rolling over and playing dead when it comes to confronting the Communists all over the world. And we've got to realize that the South is going to have to be a part of the Republican Party, and I think maybe 1984 will be another step in that direction. Every time we have a contest between a Ronald Reagan and a Walter Mondale or a Richard Nixon and a George McGovern, more and more people are saying, "You know, I don't agree with the Democrats anymore." The only reason the South voted for Jimmy Carter is because he was from the South.

PARTISAN: That's interesting. Speaking of the South's contributions to the Republican Party, in the 97th Congress, you defeated Congressman Schuster of Pennyslvania in a close and difficult race, 96 to 90. Schuster was a very popular member of the party from another region: and in 1981 and 1982 you were a major strategist for the Reagan economic program, which you successfully guided through the House with a number of innovative legislative strategies. I wonder if you would like to comment on the strategies you used to promote the Reagan economic program in 1981-82.

LOTT: Well, first I want to say that I had a difficult race for Republican Whip, because Bud Schuster,



my opponent, is a very dynamic, very capable and very good conservative guy from Pennsylvania. Also, I started a little late. He not only started before I did, but he was also from a region that traditionally has elected Republican leaders — the Northeast. It is symbolic of the change that is occurring in the Republican Party now. If the South and West will stick together, we can just about elect anybody we want to.

But yes we had to use a lot of innovative ideas to win on those important budget votes. I have developed a very sophisticated computerized system. Our friends up North never expected a Mississippi boy to go to computers: but we have analyzed districts very closely. We know members' voting patterns. We know how their district has voted in congressional, senatorial, and presidential elections. All this helped to show us which members we needed to work on, and we did use a very aggressive whip system on the floor, which involves members working regions or working individual states.

It was a very effective system. We used every personal technique we could come up with — you could call it "the buddy system," I guess —combined with modern technology. Although it was very important that we hold a solid vote among Republicans, we also kept working with the so-called "gypsy moths," the Northeasterners, to try to keep them in our voting block of conservative Westerners, Southerners, and Midwesterners. We almost had to have a unanimous vote on the Republican side, and we were able to do it. On vote after vote we would lose no more than half a dozen, occasionally as few as one. So when you start off with 190 votes solid then you can reach across and get enough conservative Democrats to produce the victory.

PARTISAN: Well, you were very successful early in the administration, with the economic program, but so often when it comes to an issue of great importance to the South — one that comes to mind is the renewal of the punitive Voting Rights Legislation — even some of our Southern Republicans seemed to have backbones of jelly. You are one of the few who took a stand against that legislation which, with the "effects test," is far worse than the original version of the legislation.

LOTT: We tried to improve on it; we tried to hold off some of those changes that make it even more pu-

nitive, and the "effects test" is one example. But I have always maintained that if the same laws were applicable to say, Queens, New York that are applicable to other Southern states, Queens wouldn't be in compliance. As a matter of fact, we have a higher percent of registration, a higher percent of voter participation than they do; yet we still are put in a special category; and under the law we can't even prove ourselves and get out from under it, even if we meet all the criteria or exceed them. There is no escape hatch for us. They are still trying to exact Reconstruction legislation that is just not fair.

But why do members vote that way, even members from the South in both parties? Well, it's the easy thing to do. I mean, you don't like to be isolated when you are one of only 72 or 32 members who vote against a piece of legislation that bills itself as "equal opportunity" or "civil rights." After all, how can you be opposed to "equal voting opportunity" and "fair registration"? But the people who support that type of punitive legislation are very noisy. They also take action. They will work against you; the press will work you over, saying things like, "He's from the South." "He's a Mississippian. Down there they don't want equal opportunity." Well, that's just not true. We have greater freedom for advancement in the South than they will ever have in a lot of states around the country.

Then, too, there are the people on the other side of the ledger, state elected officials who don't support us, despite the fact they know what such legislation does to us. I have gotten very few letters saying thanks for having the courage to vote against this unfair voting rights act. But I catch a lot of flack from the other side.

The same is true on the budget, and on the growth of federal government as a whole. If the responsible people, the working people, the conservative people, the religious people of this country are too busy looking after themselves and don't get involved in the system, they are going to lose control of the system. That's why Democrats and Republicans alike from the South cave in and vote for this legislation, even when it's unfair to our region. It is easier to vote for it than to vote against it.

PARTISAN: We have another example which seems to defy political reality. The Republican party in the South gets very little of the black vote. Yet when you come with a controversial issue like the King holiday, which more or less made Martin Luther King a symbol equivalent to George Washington, you find a vast majority of Republicans — even Southern Republicans — going along. Where is the gain for the Republican Party? The one instance where it has been disproven as a political advantage, Jesse Helms was 20 points down in North Carolina before he made this a major issue with his opponent. Then Helms pulled up to a neck-and-neck position in the polls.

LOTT: Well, I think it is a mistake to vote for something like that. I mean it's either needed or not, it is either right or wrong. And I would not vote for another national holiday for *anybody,* including Thomas Jefferson. I would vote for eliminating some of the ones we already have, as a matter of fact. Look at the cost involved in the Martin Luther King holiday and the fact that we have not done it for a lot of other people that were more deserving. I just think it was basically wrong. I don't want to look back someday and feel like I was just another unprincipled person who passed through this institution. I am going to live with my own conscience when I leave this place, I just couldn't vote for it, and I think frankly that members of Congress caved in on that one. Again, however, I don't put all the blame on Congress, I put a lot of the blame on the people. Where were they when we were having that vote? Where were they in Mississippi and Alabama, and South Carolina and Virginia and North Carolina? People — did they care? No! People have to pay attention to how their Congressmen and Senators vote. If they don't, they are going to get bad votes.

PARTISAN: That's a good point. Let me raise an issue that was very much in the news on the presidential front. The question of religion and politics, the separation of church and state. Of course it goes back to the platform. Do you think that issue cut in a positive or negative way for the President's campaign?

LOTT: I think it was a totally bogus issue for Democrats to be raising and the press too, quite frankly. They were perpetuating the biggest double standard I have ever seen. They did not seem to mind too much when Jimmy Carter was wearing his religion around on his sleeve in 1976. They didn't seem to mind Jesse Jackson using the black churches across the country for his political organization. But somehow or other, when President Reagan said he supported those fundamental values that all religious people support, —Catholics and Jews as well as Protestants — then that's wrong. When he opposes murder (which is what abortion is), when he does not jump in and actively seek the homosexual and lesbian votes across the country, as Walter Mondale did, then he's wrong.

I don't understand. He hasn't done anything to break down the "wall of separation," that Jefferson talked about. Fundamentalists more than anybody else in the country don't want that broken down. They are worried that the things which have made this country great are being eroded. They are also worried about the federal government's intrusion into religious activities. The federal government, more particularly, the Internal Revenue Service, would love nothing better than to be able to start taxing churches, and they are moving in that direction.

That was one of the things that was involved in the Bob Jones case. That was not a racial question, but a religious question. And yet the Internal Revenue Service is going in, making a determination of that school's tax-deductible status, based on a religious belief. I think that the issue jumped back and bit Walter Mondale. When Geraldine Ferraro or Zacarro or whatever her name is questioned the president's Christianity, then right out of the box she was acting un-Christian. She raised the subject.

I've made speeches all over the South, all over the country, and particularly in my own state, saying, "Look, if the religious people don't get involved in politics, it's going to be run by others. And during the late 50's and 60's and 70's that's exactly what happened to the federal government. It was taken over by the people who held extreme liberal views, views that in my opinion were inconsistent with the traditions that we have always believed in in this country. They moved in the direction

of socialism, and we are trying to take it back. We are trying to free the government, not ride herd over it.

PARTISAN: One last issue — spending cuts. We were successful with the tax cut in the early part of the administration, but the proper spending cuts in the Reagan administration really never came to fruition. Do you think the next administration is going to make a concerted attack on spending?

LOTT: Absolutely. But it's in the hands of the people. In 1981 we did save about 60 billion dollars which would have been spent if Jimmy Carter had stayed in office. In 1982 we saved about another 40 billion, and then in 1982 a lot less than that, maybe 12 billion. In 1984 maybe not much more than 10 billion below what would have been spent had Jimmy Carter still been in office. So probably we have spent a 100 billion dollars less than would have been spent if we had continued on the path we were heading toward in 1980.

PARTISAN: A popular button in Dallas recently said Kemp/Lott. But I also understand there were a number of buttons saying Lott-Kemp. What is the political future for Trent Lott — do you plan to seek the presidency in 1988?

LOTT: No, No.

PARTISAN: If not, would you recommend a candidate you feel the Southerners could rally behind?

LOTT: Well, this all came about as a result of my being Chairman of the Platform committee. A lot of people liked our platform, and I tried to be fair and still come up with a platform that reflected our principles in the South and the Republican Party in general. Then I am also good friends with Congressman Jack Kemp. He's a very dynamic, enthusiastic, articulate Congressman from Buffalo, New York. So there was a lot of support for Jack Kemp.

I really don't think it would be practical for me to consider that sort of thing in 1988. However, as long as I am in the Congress, as long as I am involved in Washington and in the Republican Party, trying to build it nationwide, I am going to try to be involved in what the platform says and who our national leaders are.

We've got some good candidates out there that basically have good philosophies. Personally I am very close to Jack Kemp, and I think his philosophy would be very attractive to Southerners in a campaign in 1988. That's not to say that George Bush won't have a lot of support. He did make his fortune to a degree in Texas, was elected Congressman in Texas, and is a very loyal part of the administration under President Reagan. I think he will have a lot of support. So I think those two will be the major contenders for the 1988 Republican nomination. Howard Baker, a Southerner, will be in that race, but for a lot of reasons I really don't think he will be one of the final two. He's had to take a lot of positions as a Republican leader and it would be hard for him to be acceptable, even in the South, despite the fact that he's from the South.

PARTISAN: Thank you, Congressman, and we look forward to hearing more from you in the years to come.

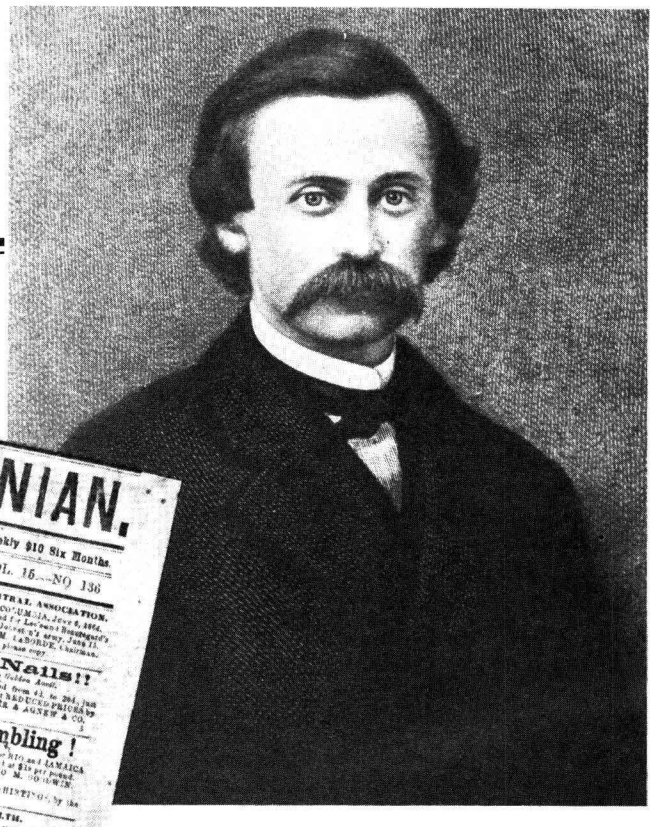
LOTT: Thank you very much.

Richard T. Hines

***Richard T. Hines conducted this* Partisan *interview. He is a Senior Executive with the Reagan administration, a former member of the South Carolina House of Representatives and Assistant Editor of the* Southern Partisan.**

The Restoration Series

HENRY TIMROD



THE DAILY SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

Daily Paper $15 Six Months.

F. G. DeFONTAINE & CO.

COLUMBIA, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1864.

Tri-Weekly $10 Six Months.

VOL. 15—NO 136

THE SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

BY F. G. DeFONTAINE & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION.

ADVERTISING.

NORTHERN NEWS.

AUCTION SALES.

BLOCKADE GOODS!!

$1,500,000!

Hides, Leather, &c.

7,000

Nails! Nails!!

50 KEGS NAILS,

Coffee Tumbling!

2,500 LBS.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

GAS-LIGHT BILLS.

ENGLISH GARDEN SEEDS.

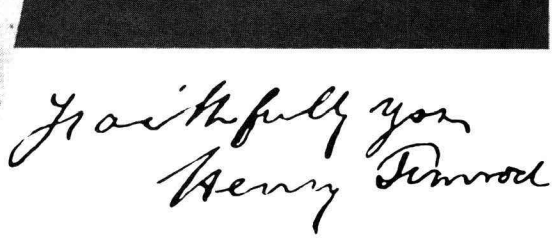
SUPERIOR ENGLISH SCYTHE BLADES.

SILL'S VERMIFUGE.

JAMES G. GIBBES.

FOR SALE.

MRS. ZERNOW



Faithfully yours
Henry Timrod

Henry Timrod, born 1828, was a tutor of children, a war correspondent, and an associate editor of *The South Carolinian,* but more importantly he was one of the finest poets produced by the Old South. Throughout most of his life Timrod was in precarious health; and though he survived the burning of Columbia in 1865, he died a short two years later of Tuberculosis.

Timrod's best work is his poetry which brought him fame and the popular title of "Poet Laureate of the Confederacy." In the first years of the war, he lived near Charleston and wrote his stirring martial poems, "Carolina" (which serves today as the state song of South Carolina), "A Call to Arms," "Charleston," "Ripley," "Ethnogenesis," and "The Cotton Boll." His voice was the voice of The South, and for a while it appeared as if a volume of his poems would be published in England; but in this, as in many things, he was to be disappointed.

Too weak to be a soldier, Timrod nonetheless went to the front as a war correspondent, and was at the Battle of Shiloh. He returned to South Carolina in 1864 to assume the editorship of *The South Carolinian,* where his strong editorials rallied the State for the conflict. He married in this period of relative calm, an English woman, Miss Kate Goodwin, the "Katie" of his verse. In the midst of the fierce stress following the burning of undefended Columbia by Sherman, their only child, Willie, died. Broken in health and spirit, Timrod continued to write until 1867 when he died at the age of 37. Among his pall bearers were Wade Hampton and Governor Thompson.

Timrod's political commitment was strong and unequivocal, as evidenced by these lines from his poem "Ethnogenesis", written in February, 1861, during the meetings of the First Confederate Congress in Montgomery, Alabama:

On one side, creeds that dare to teach
What Christ and Paul *refrained* to preach;
Codes built upon a broken pledge,
And Charity that whets a poniard's edge;
Fair schemes that leave the neighboring poor
To starve and shiver at the schemer's door,
While in the world's most liberal ranks enrolled,
He turns some vast philanthropy to gold;
Religion, taking every mortal form
But that a pure and Christian faith makes warm,
Where not to vile fanatic passion urged,
Or not in vague philosophies submerged,
Repulsive with all Pharisaic leaven,
And making laws to stay the laws of Heaven!

In April 1867, shortly before his death, Timrod penned what is considered by many to be one of the most perfect odes in the English language. —RTH

ODE

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON, S.C., 1867

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HONOR THE CONFEDERACY

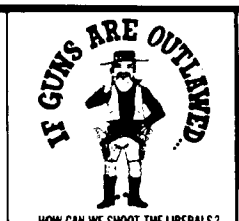
Everlasting Bronze Tributes To The CSA

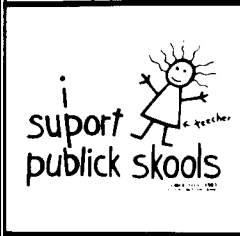
Baxendale's Custom Work
4114 SP Sneed
Nashville, Tennessee 37215
Phone: 615/297-1975

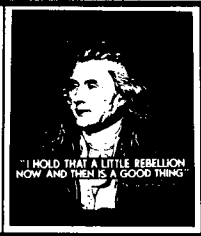
Liber-tees

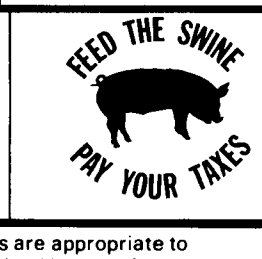
A collection of somewhat outrageous T-shirts

All designs copyrighted by B.M.G.









Print and shirt colors are appropriate to designs. Adult sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL (If in doubt, order a larger size). Prices listed below include postage and handling within the U.S.A.

SEND: $ 7.95 for 1
$14.95 for 2
$19.95 for 3

To: Blue Mt. Graphics
125 Liberty St. Allentown, PA 18102

Classified

RATES: The one-time rate for thirty words is $10.00; each additional word is 25¢. This rate is discounted by 10% for repeat publication of the same ad.
The Southern Partisan reserves the right to refuse, by our standards of merit, taste and good judgment, any ad submitted. **MINIMUM PER AD** is 30 words.

OLD CIVIL WAR MAP KITS: ALSO old state, railroad, and county maps. 70-120 years old. All States. Stamp for catalog. Northern Map Company, Dept. SN, Dunnellon, FL 32630.

★★★

GOD, GUTS & GUNS MADE AMERICA GREAT: Bumpersticker, white on blue, top quality all-weather vinyl. $1.20 each, 2 for $2, 6 for $5; postpaid. Express yourself! S. Verr, 811 W. Springfield Ave., Urbana, IL 61801.

★★★

PRINTS: Civil War Art by eyewitness soldier/artists. Portraits of Confederate & Union Generals, Battle Scenes, and Army Life. Framed & unframed. Free Brochure. Theme Prints, Ltd., PO Box 123-CC, Bayside, NY 11361.

★★★

WANTED: To buy Confederate letters, documents, books, old Southern Broadsides before 1870, slavery documents, photographs of Confederate soldiers, Sword & Saber 2159-SP Baltimore Pike, Gettysburg, PA 17325, (717) 334-0205. When in Gettysburg visit our shop at the same address.

★★★

CATALOGUE: Specializing in Southern War of Independence Memorabilia Confederate documents, covers, letters, newspapers, photographs, and slavery items. Subscription $4.00 per year for five illustrated catalogs. Sword & Saber, 2159-SP Baltimore Pike, Gettysburg, PA 17325. (717) 334-0205.

DEE'S CANNON STATIONERY SAMPLER: $5.00 + $1.00 Postage: *Firing Civil War Model Cannon Plans,* and Plans for shop projects. Catalog Free. W.F. Green Co. Dept-SP, Box 892, Shalimar, Florida 32579-0892.

★★★

CONFEDERATE FORTS: A pictorial hard-bound book dealing with the forts held at one time by the Confederacy and their role in history. ($9.95) The University of Montevallo Foundation, Station 301, Montevallo, Alabama 35115.

★★★

GONE WITH THE WIND: collectors, I have located the original molds for the 1938 RHETT and SCARLETT cast iron bookends. These hard-to-find and unusual pieces are the perfect accent for any Southern bookcase. Available in time for Christmas for only $28.50 per pair, prepaid. Gene Morris, 107-B South Division-SP Street, Rome, Georgia 30161.

★★★

CHRISTIAN CHALLENGE: "An Independent Witness in the Anglican/Episcopal Tradition." Monthly news and opinion magazine for loyalist Episcopalians and traditionalist Anglicans. Send $12.50 for six issues to Box 2624, Victoria, Texas 77902.

★★★

BIG CHRISTMAS CIVIL WAR ISSUE: The *Civil War Book Exchange.* Books, Relics, Uniforms, Equipment, Photos, etc. Send $2.00 for sample copy. CWBX, Box 15432P, Philadelphia, PA 19149.

CONFEDERATE SOLID BRONZE BUCKLES: Tennessee master craftsmen and a noted military sculptor have combined talents to produce our greatest citizens (all Confederate, of course) in solid bronze buckles, paperweights, large bas-relief plaques, and busts. Prices $10.95 to $1200.00. Custom work also available. Baxendale's, 4114 SP Sneed, Nashville, TN 37215. (615) 297-1975.

★ ★ ★

JOIN UP: The Museum of The Confederacy, chartered in 1890 needs your help. We seek to restore the historic C.S.A. "White House." Write for information: 1201 E. Clay Street, Richmond, Virginia 23219

★ ★ ★

BOOKS: *Facts Historians Leave Out:* by John Tilley. Concise topics on the *true* history of the WBTS. 54 pgs. 14.00. Paperback. *Southern System of Slavery:* by Rev. Jerry West. Salvery as it really was both good and bad. $2.00 Paperback. 16 pgs. *C.S.A. Army Regulations 1861:* Exact reprint of original. overall directions for Confederate Army Life. (Available here only). $15.00 201 pgs. *Red Shirts Remembered:* by William Sheppard. 1940 first edition. Reviews 1876 election of Wade Hampton as governor of South Carolina and the expulsion of the Carpetbagger Government. Electrifying era in S.C. These books are *brand new* and have never been out of the box since 1940. Hardcover with DJ $30.00. 340 pgs. Postage is $1.25 per book. Mail checks, payable to Sons of Confederate Veterans, 2 Lady Marion Lane, Greenville, S.C. 29607.

A Virtuous Man

by Franklin Debrot

Most people probably associate cattle drives with the last century, and the wild West, but out here in Spottswood, in the Shenandoah Valley, there's a man who'll tell you different, and he'll tell you first hand.

"Back in the 20's we drove 'em in spring, up in the mountains, thirty miles beyond Monterey — right through the streets of Monterey — for the summer, where the pasture'd be good and it was cool; and in the fall we'd drive 'em back down the mountain to the Staunton markets. It'd be about eighty miles; and we'd be goin' three - four days."

He tells it matter of fact. Characteristically so. To Mr. J.W.Woods there's no special glory in the telling, nor romance in the event, just part of something he's been doing all his life.

Born in Rockbridge Baths, near the turn of the century, Mr. Woods started working at the Silverbrook Farm, near Middlebrook, when his father took on there, and he was still only a boy; and he continued there after his father died, and through all the time of his own children's births and then upbringing. He remembers that when hard times came, back in the thirties, Mr. Clemmer told them he couldn't afford to pay more than fifty cents a day, but added that if things got better they'd be paid better. So he stayed. And for a long time afterward he was foreman before the Silverbrook Farm was bought by Mrs. Groves of Texas, and the famous King Ranch family.

Now he no longer works for any one person but for everyone. His tractor and wagon chugging along the road at a creep are a common sight out here around Spottswood and Raphine. When you see him in some neighbor's field, or off on a back road somewhere, you know someone's getting something done.

"He's an old-time hand," a neighbor of his says, "there aren't many like him anymore." And in fact just about anyone around here will testify that Mr. Woods, or Shorty, as some call him, is an indispensable feature of the community.

Fifteen years ago, when he decided to buy the little frame house and ten acres on the Fix Road, close to Grier Carson's place, with savings from a lifetime of working, he decided then to hire out from day to day. Since then, as Mr. Woods puts it, "I ain't never had to ask for half-an-hour's work. It's always come to me." So most days, Mr. Woods, who's a great-grandfather several times over, goes out with his son Charlie, after home chores in the early morning, and depending on the season, he's building and repairing neighbors' fences, helping to harvest crops, cutting and hauling firewood, butchering hogs, doctoring sick livestock, plowing up people's gardens, making and putting in hay, vaccinating calves — just about anything. And that's not all: with several acres of potatoes planted every year, people, not only from Spottswood but from as far as twenty miles away in Staunton, come to buy Woods & Co. produce. Now, why (I've often thought) does Mr. Woods keep to a regimen men half his age flinch at? "I like gettin' things done," he says.

But if you can catch him between chores, Mr. Woods likes to talk as well, and mostly about the old times, about old chestnut, for instance: "It wasn't hard; and you could work it easy; and no wood stays in the ground like chestnut; and you could split eleven rails out of one log" — and then a flashing smile directed toward his son Charlie — "if you *knew how*!"

Or sometimes he talks philosophically, not just about the old times but times in general: "When something goes wrong some folks think it's people. But there are a lotta things people don't do that you can't help no ways!" Or, then, again, eyeing a television aerial atop a neighbor's house: "Had a television here once but all you had was the same foolishness all the time. Radio's better because at least you can't see it." And finally when son Charlie half-humorously suggests he might put a radio on their tractor, "No, you ain't! You can hear music in the air if you want to!"

But Mr. Woods' only real quarrel is with Daylight Savings Time. "Back during the World War, they started this Daylight Savings. Maybe that's alright for city folks but for a farmer it ain't no good." Consequently he has chosen to ignore the time by which everyone else keeps time. But though there's his time and yours, when he says he's going to be somewhere, he's there (though you'd better know which time he's going by).

But he's a gentle man, surprisingly gentle for someone who's struggled so hard all his life — one who lives easily with himself. "I believe in what the good book says, in treating folks fair, the way you want to be treated." And generous too. If you pay a visit any time, his time or yours, on any evening at harvest, if he likes you (and he likes most people) you'll come away with a poke full of squash, or corn, or beets, or onions, and that's because, as he puts it, "I like to grow plenty and give 'em away to folks." Just as simple as that. With characteristic matter of factness. No further explanations needed.

It's like the neighbors say, "there aren't too many like him anymore." But as long as there are some, I think that this poor battered and betrayed land of ours may yet survive.

Franklin Debrot has appeared on these pages before. He is a gentleman farmer who also teaches Philosophy at James Madison University.

Buy Confederate War Bonds & Genuine Confederate Money

SP-125 Confederate $1000.00 bond with Jefferson Davis Approximately 14″ x 14″ with coupons.

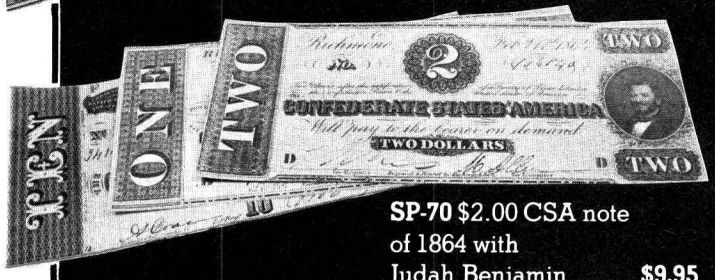
or

SP-123 $100.00 bond with Vice President Alexander Stephens. Each **$39.95**

We have access to some other 17″ x 17″ bonds with portraits of other Confederate heroes, such as: R.M.T. Hunter, General Beauregard, John H. Reagan, Thomas Bragg, L.P. Walker, Judah Benjamin, George Washington, S.R. Mallory, Robert Toombs, George W. Randolph, E.C. Elmore, Howell Cobb, Lucy Pickens, George Trenholm and James Seddon. These coupon bonds run **$39.95 Each**

SP-66 $50.00 CSA note of 1864 with Jefferson Davis..... **$10.95**

SP-67 $20.00 CSA note of 1864 with V.P. Alexander Stephens..... **$5.95**



SP-70 $2.00 CSA note of 1864 with Judah Benjamin..... **$9.95**

SP-41 $100.00 CSA note of 1862 with slaves hoeing cotton **$14.95**

VISA

Write for our price list $1.00 (FREE with order)

MasterCard

Col. Grover Criswell

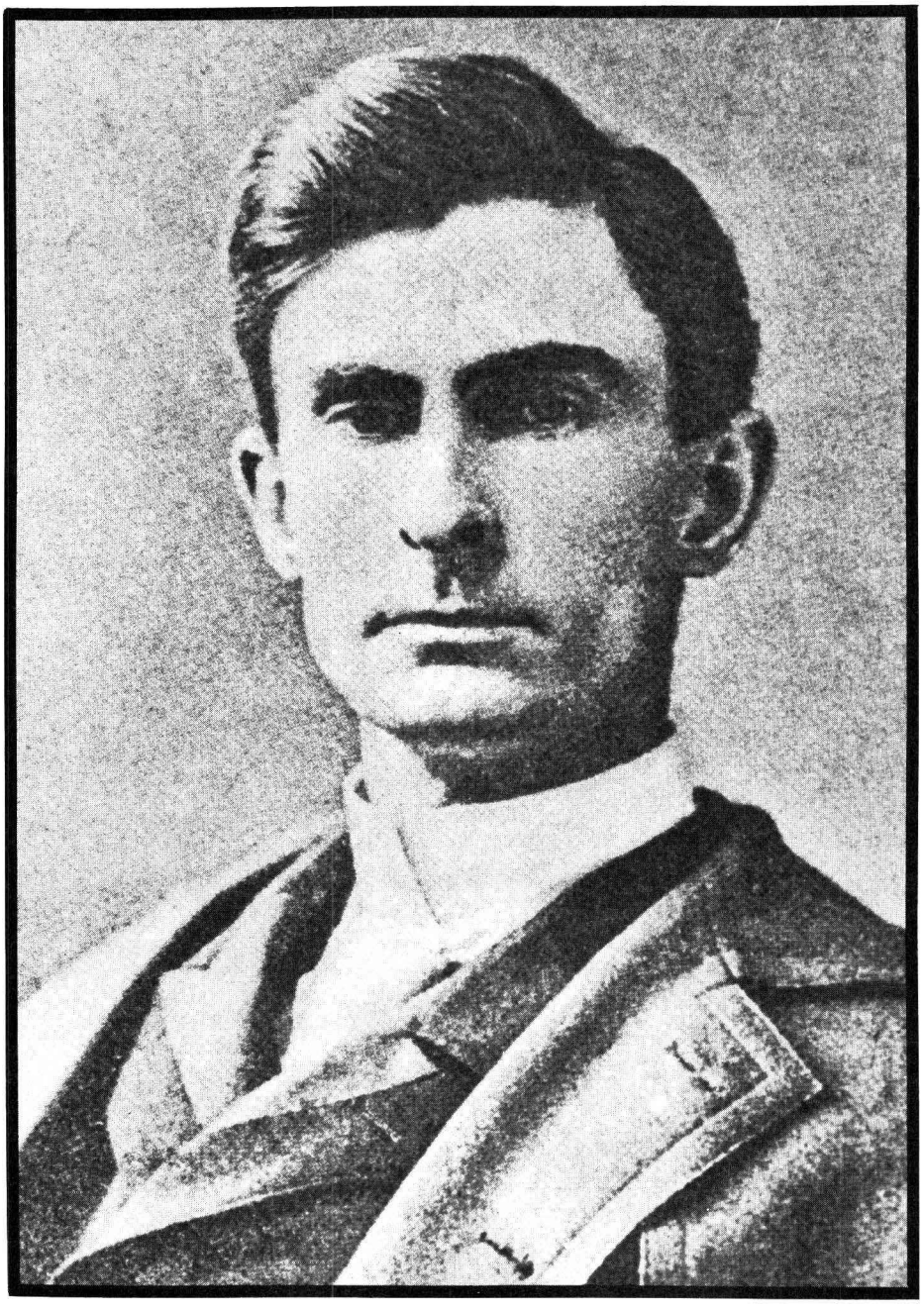
Ft. McCoy, FL 32637 (904) 685-2287

AMERICAN EXPRESS

BOOKS

SOUTHERN HORIZONS

Reviewed by Stephen Page Smith



The Life of Thomas Dixon

Southern Horizons: The Autobiography of Thomas Dixon. IWV Publishing (Alexandria, Virginia), 1984.

The name of Thomas Dixon today is little remembered, North or South, but seventy years ago Dixon was one of the most prominent and controversial public figures in the country. The discovery and publication of his autobiography ought to be considered a significant event in the cultural history of the United States. After all, Dixon was the chief collaborator of David Wark Griffith in the production of the epic motion picture "The Birth of a Nation," and the author of the novel on which it was based, *The Clansman.* For that reason, if for no other, Dixon deserves a niche in the nation's memory. But the autobiography offers much more than that, for Dixon's principal contribution in it is his eyewitness account of the terror of the Reconstruction period, an account that needs to be set against revisionist tamperings with what used to be called "the tragic era."

Let it be said at the outset that this is a very uneven book; but then, Dixon's was a very uneven life. He was a bundle of contradictions and he still resists classification, a far more complex man than an earlier generation may have thought. The bare outline of his life and career contains so many startling surprises and reverses that it would be thought too fantastic even as fiction, were it not documented.

Dixon was born near Shelby, North Carolina, in the first days of 1864. His father, a farmer, merchant, and Baptist minister, was a man already in his fifties, too old to fight for the Confederacy, then in the waning months of its fitful life. Dixon's childhood was passed in the poverty, sorrow, terror, and anger of Reconstruction. An adolescent before he began his formal education, Dixon took quickly to his studies and obtained a Master of Arts degree from Wake Forest College at age nineteen. He spent a semester in a graduate program at Johns Hopkins University, then journeyed to New York to dabble briefly in acting. Dissatisfied, he returned to North Carolina to study law. Before finishing his legal education, and while still under the legal age, he was elected to the North Carolina legislature.

By 1886, Dixon was a twenty-two year old newlywed, a practicing lawyer, and a state legislator. A political career, in which he might redress the wrongs done the South by the Radicals, seemed to beckon. Yet he was still restless. In the autumn of that year, he resolved his inner tensions by resigning from the legislature and entering the Baptist ministry, fulfilling a wish of his father. After brief pastorates at Goldsboro and Raleigh in his home state, he found his way north once again, first to a Baptist pulpit in Boston, then to a pastoral appointment at the Twenty-Third Street Baptist Church in New York. In the metropolis, Dixon, never known for modesty or thinking small, began to dream truly grand designs. So that his audience could expand beyond one congregation of one denomination, he conceived of a non-denominational "People's Church," housed in its own commercial-office building and offering a wide range of social outreach programs to the city's teeming millions. He boldly approached John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and gained the backing of "the Oil King" for his idea. But the jealousy and obstruction of rival ministers frustrated his plan, and it never came to fruition. Also while in New York, Dixon tackled the Tammany machine; both sides notched some victories in their mismatched war.

About the turn of the century, overwork forced Dixon to give up his regular ministry for the lecture circuit. He moved his family to a gracious manor house in Virginia's Tidewater region and began dividing his time and considerable energies between his lucrative lecturing and a new project which he considered his life's work. For some years, Dixon had mulled over the idea of telling the South's side of the story of Reconstruction in a set of historical novels. He now could pursue his goal in earnest, and the first of the series, *The Leopard's Spots,* appeared in 1902.

For the next quarter century and more, Dixon was very much a public man: best-selling author, successful dramatist, sometime actor, and writer, producer, and director of several motion pictures. He accomplished his object of gaining the South a sympathetic hearing, but dissipated his energies on various topical issues of the day. He made and lost several fortunes, until, by the time of the crash of 1929, there were no more fortunes to be made. Dixon was still able to get his writings published, and in the first term of Franklin D. Roosevelt he was an enthusiastic New Dealer, touring the South giving speeches to promote the National Recovery Administration. By 1936, he had begun to have doubts. In the summer of that year, Dixon was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention; but in the fall he campaigned for the Republican candidate, Alf Landon. Landon lost, of course, but Dixon's services were rewarded by a Republican judge, who gave him the patronage appointment as clerk of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of North Carolina.

After the death of his wife of fifty-one years, Dixon remarried at seventy-five. The second Mrs. Dixon, Madelyn Donovan, was a former film actress who had been Dixon's researcher, collaborator, and Girl Friday for many years before their marriage. She now performed most of the duties of his court clerkship for him, until his declining health finally forced him to resign in 1943. Dixon lingered in obscurtiy and near poverty until his death in the spring of 1946. Madelyn Dixon zealously protected his memory until her own death in 1975.

Such was the crowded life of Thomas Dixon, its sunny peaks and its dark valleys. But, as has been said, the chief value of *Southern Horizons* for present-day readers is in its provision of a vivid first-hand account of Reconstruction, a time Dixon remembered as a nightmare of lawlessness, injustice, and oppression visited on the people of the South by their own nominal national government in Washington. The scenes described here are not for the squeamish, and the blunt language may be shocking to fastidious twentieth century minds, but there can be no doubt of the passion that drove Dixon to preserve this tale of outrage for succeeding generations. Many Americans today, in this age of historical amnesia, would disbelieve that one part of their country was once put under military occupation by another part, that heinous crimes went unpunished, that summary arrests and summary executions were common, that courts were subverted, legislatures corrupted, and the majority of the electorate disfranchised — all at the instance of the federal government!

The chief villain of the piece is Thaddeus Stevens, leader of the Radical forces in Congress and fervent hater of the South. The suffering Southerners of the

It must not be supposed that Dixon was a partisan of the "Old" South. He was a "New" South booster, deprecating farm life and favoring industrial development. He considered himself thoroughly modern and up-to-date.

period were clear on the point that Congress was responsible for their torment and the orgy of corruption and misgovernment their states had endured. Indeed, when Dixon was at Wake Forest College, the students called the six-hole privy on campus the "Sixth Congressional District," while the five-holer was known as the "Fifth Congressional District."

Because, as do Dixon's Reconstruction novels, the autobiography deals at some length with the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, an explanatory note is in order. Most readers of this review will be aware that the original organization of that name has no connection with the contemporary gang of social misfits and small-time thugs which today disgraces the flags, Stars and Stripes as well as Stars and Bars. But an earlier generation, before the rise of the present-day Klan, had a clearer remembrance of the reality of Reconstruction. That generation included such men as Woodrow Wilson, born in Virginia in 1856 and reared in Carolina and Georgia, who as President was persuaded to have a White House screening of "The Birth of a Nation" for his cabinet and who described the film as "history written with lightning." It also included Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the United States, whose aid Dixon also enlisted in overcoming the opposition of would-be censors to the film, and who, as a young man in New Orleans had himself shouldered a rifle as a Klan sentinel when the helpless citizenry could not rely on the alien government for the protections of the law. But Dixon freely admits that the Klan passed very early from the control of its leaders and became frequently as much a hindrance as a help in the restoration of order. In Dixon's own county, the Klan, led by his beloved uncle, Colonel Leroy McAfee, sprang up in response to a grisly rape that the Carpetbag officials proposed to let go unpunished. But even so strong a leader and honorable a man as Colonel McAfee could only with difficulty keep the lower elements in his organization from turning from the punishment of crime to the settling of private scores.

At his best, Dixon was no more than patronizing in his attitude toward blacks. Yet there are several black characters in *Southern Horizons* who are treated relatively sensitively. There is Aunt Barbara, Dixon's saintly nurse, so steeped in Biblical idiom and cadence that it was her everyday speech. There is Dick, an engaging rapscallion, the companion of Dixon's youth. There is Nelse, loyal servant of Dixon's grandmother, who threw a hatchet at the officious Freedmen's Bureau agent who tried to cajole him into leaving his old mistress. And there is this inspiring story of the loyalty of Dixon's father's slaves: In 1863, a few months before Dixon's birth, the elder Dixon sold a plantation in Arkansas and determined to move his family back to Carolina. He had declined an offer of $100,000 in gold for the slaves, feeling a responsibility for their welfare. For the trek east, some of the slaves were mounted and armed and entrusted for safekeeping with shares of the gold from the sale of the plantation. Passing through territory traversed by Union armies, they had every opportunity and incentive to leave, yet they performed all the tasks assigned them and saw the family safely to the old home in Carolina.

It must not be supposed that Dixon was a partisan of the "Old" South. He was a "New" South booster, deprecating farm life and favoring industrial development. He considered himself thoroughly modern and up-to-date and he displayed a distressing tendency to bend in the breeze of all the pseudo-progressive "isms" of his day. One suspects as well that whatever record he has left of his theological thought should not be examined too closely for the consistency of its orthodoxy. Dixon always proclaimed his high regard for Lincoln — and for Eugene V. Debs. He held Theodore Roosevelt in esteem for his reform work in New York; "TR" was the first Republican Dixon ever voted for, after quite an ordeal of conscience. He rejoiced that there came another Roosevelt — a Democrat — for whom he could vote more naturally.

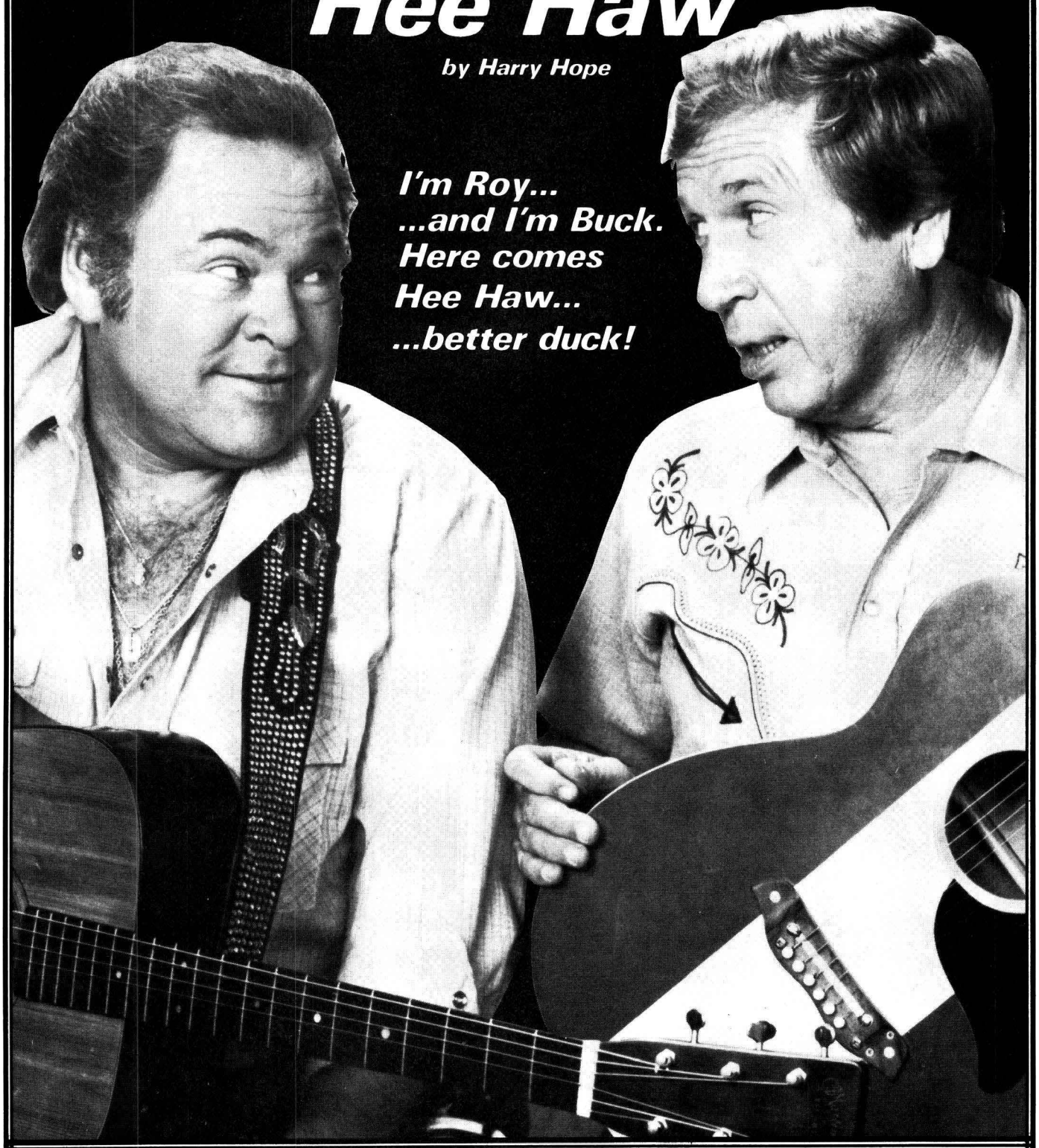
Dixon had a fairly wide acquaintance among famous people, and was not shy about using his contacts for advantage. He got John D. Rockefeller, Sr., to support his church-building plans in New York City. He called on his fellow North Carolinian Walter Hines Page for aid in publishing his first novel. And he turned to the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, for help in gaining an audience for "The Birth of a Nation," confident that Wilson would remember that Dixon had been instrumental in getting him an honorary degree from Wake Forest College when they both were young men.

Southern Horizons is of uneven literary quality, yet there are memorable, colorful episodes on almost every page. With her pipe and toddy close at hand, Dixon's nonagenarian grandmother spins tales of the Revolution — the one that succeeded. There is a poignant story of Dixon's first puppy love. A wilful young Dixon experiences fierce conflicts with his father. A Boston hotel refuses to allow Dixon and his family to register with their black nurse. A thrifty old gentleman, wary of unsound money from bitter experience, makes a loan to his pastor, asking to be repaid in bills and coins of the same denomination as each of these he is parting with. There are long, lyrical passages on Dixon's sporting life in Tidewater, Virginia, and hilarious glimpses of what once passed for "advanced thought."

The reader should be warned that this book has come from the hands of editors who, although they are to be commended for patching together a coherent text, felt compelled to add somewhat irrelevant prefatory notes and off-the-point appendices seeking to set Dixon in his context — that is, to explain away his fixation on the wrongs of Reconstruction. But that fixation is precisely why this book should be read by those who would understand the extraordinary solidarity and cohesion of the South in the decades following Appomattox. Southerners had come through a hellish experience and were determined that it should not recur. It is a lesson and a warning that, ominously, is increasing in relevance today.

In Defense of Hee Haw

by Harry Hope



Photos by Gaylord Program Services, Inc.

TELEVISION

Hee Haw generally comes in among the top ten in the ratings for syndicated shows, and its performers average around $50,000 a year from Hee Haw alone. Although Southern in outlook and temperament, as well as subject matter, Hee Haw isn't raking in this kind of cash solely from viewers in the Old Confederacy.

In 1971 producers of a cornpone *Laugh-in* called *Hee Haw* had to duck. Their program, begun in 1969 as a mid-season replacement show on CBS, was ordered off the air by a fellow named Fred Silverman (then-CBS programming whiz) who went on to artistic greatness in later years with *We Got It Made* and *Thick of the Night.*

Along with *Hee Haw, Mayberry RFD* (struggling mightily without Andy Griffith) and *The Beverly Hillbillies* (hardly Goethe, but what else is these days?) got the ax too so that the network would make room for programs with "urban, more sophisticated" subject matter. Never mind that *Hee Haw* was 16th in the national Nielsens in 1970-71. It had to go.

So producer Sam Lovullo ducked, all right — right into a syndicate of independent TV stations all over the country. The jokes have been coming hard and fast, the girls have been shining, and the banjos have been playing loud and clear ever since.

Now, nobody at *Hee Haw* has ever made the extravagant claim of profundity, and I'd imagine very few of the *Masterpiece Theatre* crowd tune in to listen to Grandpa Jones flail a banjo, but why, oh, why, do millions of TV viewers in over 200 markets put themselves through the torture of the jokes, the sight of improbably luscious women, the authentically artificial stage design, and Lulu? Week after week, for going on 16 years now, people have watched this stuff. Why even take up precious pages of a distinguished journal such as *Southern Partisan* to discuss a kornfield full of konundrums and kontredanses emanating from Kornfield Kounty, USA?

Because, quite simply, *Hee Haw* is the last refinement, the final product of the distillation of vaudeville, the old medicine show, the kerosene lantern circuit, and the Grand Ole Opry. *Hee Haw* thrives on the same jokes told by the Indians to the Jamestown settlers, but at its very heart is some of the best pickin' and grinnin' to be found on television anywhere.

"Knock-knock."
"Who's there?"
"Linus."
"Linus who?"
"Linus country, when country wasn't coo-oool."

Hee Haw is taped at Opryland USA, outside Nashville, and is distributed by Gaylord Program Services, Inc., of Los Angeles. Its cast now includes three genuine, certified, USDA-inspected legends from the days in which country was decidedly uncool: Roy Acuff, Minnie Pearl, and Grandpa Jones. Heading the cast are the ubiquitous Buck Owens and Roy Clark. Clark can probably play everything except a bassoon, while Buck sticks with his red-white-and-blue guitar. The cast includes, among others, Gordie Tapp, Archie Campbell, George (Goober) Lindsey, Lulu Roman Smith, Marianne Gordon (Mrs. Kenny) Rogers, Linda Thompson (Mrs. Bruce) Jenner, Kenny Price, Roni Stoneman, Gailard Sartain, and Barbara Mandrell's little sister, Irlene. Don't forget Cathy Baker and Buford, the Wonder Dog.

The aforementioned people, as well as the other cast members, could put on a pretty credible country show,

but, say — who's that wandering through the stage door now?

Part of the joy of *Hee Haw* is that you never know. Fifteen minutes after a segment with Doc Watson, you're liable to encounter Doc Severinson. Boots Randolph, Floyd Cramer, Johnny Gimbel, and Danny Davis often jam with the Million Dollar Band. Did you ever hear a classical flautist play "Dueling Banjos"? Well, Jamie Galway played it.

They also let politicians in: Senators Howard Baker and Robert Byrd — who brought along his fiddle — and even Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander got in on the act.

Act? You want actors? We have Ernest Borgnine. You want just some run-of-the-mill entertainers and personalities? *Hee Haw* has lined up Kenny Rogers, Dolly Parton, Ed McMahon, Sammy Davis, Jr., Johnny Cash, plus whoever may be hot, or merely warming up, on the country-music scene during any given season.

Variety might be the spice of life, but variety shows are all but dead on the tube. Except for *Hee Haw.*

"I paid fifty cents for a fortune cookie, and all I got was a saltine cracker. Lulu, you call this a fortune cookie?"

"Sure. We're makin' a fortune off 'em."

Hee Haw generally comes in among the top ten in the ratings for syndicated shows, and its performers average around $50,000 a year from *Hee Haw* alone. Although Southern in outlook and temperament, as well as subject matter, *Hee Haw* isn't raking in this kind of cash solely from viewers in the Old Confederacy. Have Yankees discovered what we have going for us down here? Or are people simply entranced by the novelty of a TV show whose fast pace and furious eclecticism have nothing to do with car crashes and cutesy detective couples?

"The girls", for sure, have something to do with it. The members

Both The Wall Street Journal and TV Guide, in recent years, have tried to assess the reasons behind Hee Haw's popularity. When a syndicated variety show based on country music and corny jokes attracts upwards of 30 million viewers, publications send their media pundits to Nashville to find out why.

of the Hee Haw All-Jug Band might seem like so many airheads, but there is something engaging and, yes, comfortable about their naughty-but-nice sensuality, when compared to, say, the lurid sexuality of the Solid Gold Dancers. Sex does sell — ask Calvin Klein.

Sheriff: "Judge, when you are about to pronounce sentence, what influences you the most? The evidence, the lawyer, or the defendant?"
Justus O'Peace: "Well, Sheriff, when I look down on that defendant, I gotta think: 'If he ain't done anything wrong, then why's he here,' so I find him guilty."

Law and order is a very simple issue in Kornfield Kounty. So are its pleasures: music, singing, jokes lifted from the Middle Ages, lissome girls. Life is a giddy thing here, and they don't philosophize very much except to trot out all the old platitudes that every Southerner is assumed to agree with. Besides — every Southerner worth his gray-clad ancestor knows that down South, you extrapolate your philosophy from your music.

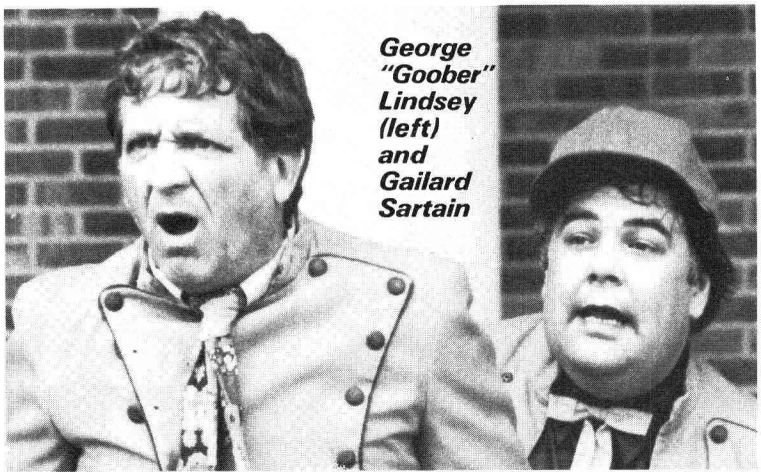
Hee Haw offers a family show that is pure without being puritanical, all-inclusive without quotas, and if the Hee Haw Gospel Quartet offers up some of the old-time religion in a closing hymn, nobody takes offense. All those old-fashioned country radio and TV shows usually ended with a gospel number anyway. Those were the days, you might sigh. Remember, though, that the people who are likely to raise a ruckus over a gospel number probably aren't watching anyway. That's just as well: Some acts which appear on *Hee Haw* drape a huge Confederate battle flag behind themselves. That kind of thing could produce apoplexy among the quiche-avores.

Irlene Mandrell (seated left) and Jackie Waddell are two new "Hee Haw" beauties this 1984-85 season, along with Jeff Smith (left) and Kelly

Proprietor: "Sir, I don't encourage drinkin' in this hotel."
Guest: "That's okay. I don't need no encouragement."

Both *The Wall Street Journal* and *TV Guide*, in recent years, have tried to assess the reasons behind *Hee Haw's* popularity. When a syndicated variety show based on country music and corny jokes attracts upwards of 30 million viewers, publications send their media pundits to Nashville to find out why. It's just something they have to do. The fellow from the *Journal* just shrugged his shoulders, wrote his piece, then left. William

Hee Haw is a Southern show, and in being Southern it's not trying to please everyone from Martha's Vineyard to Pismo Beach.



George "Goober" Lindsey (left) and Gailard Sartain

Price Fox, the writer-in-residence at the University of South Carolina, hit the nail on the head for *TV Guide* in 1983 when he said that *Hee Haw* is a Southern show. And in being Southern it's not trying to please everyone from Martha's Vineyard to Pismo Beach, because the producer, the director, the scriptwriters and the cast know that what you gain in clarity for everyone you usually wind up losing in quality."

Which is what I — sitting in Saluda County, every Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, coaxing a distant signal into my TV set — can and will attest to. As the man said, "I don't need no encouragement."

Some folks will need encouragement, though, and here is what I suggest:

Hee Haw usually airs on Saturday nights, so a couple of hours beforehand, take yourself and your loved ones to a barbecue house somewhere out in the country. Make sure the place is way out of the way, decidedly plain, and open only on weekends. Once there, pile the 'cue on top of the rice, lay on ribs, rinds, pickles, cole slaw, black-eye peas, and anything else you can find. Eat some pecan pie if they have it and for cryin' out loud, don't be squeamish about cholesterol.

On the return trip, find a good, solid country station which isn't afraid to program songs about trucks and fiddle-play' and he/she-done-him/her-wrong songs.

You can take your time about this, of course, but remember that you do have to be back home by the time *Hee Haw* comes on.

Before you settle in front of the tube, pour yourself a little liquid refreshment. Anything alcoholic will do, but beer or bourbon is best.

Now, when Buck and Roy appear, settle back and enjoy. You can catch the opera or play tennis or go to the movies next week. Tonight is your night, right here in the middle of the 1980s, to catch some of the magic of what it was like for Southerners during the 1930s to huddle around an old radio set hoping to catch a clear signal from WSM in Nashville, waiting to hear Mister George D. Hay announce who would be on that night.

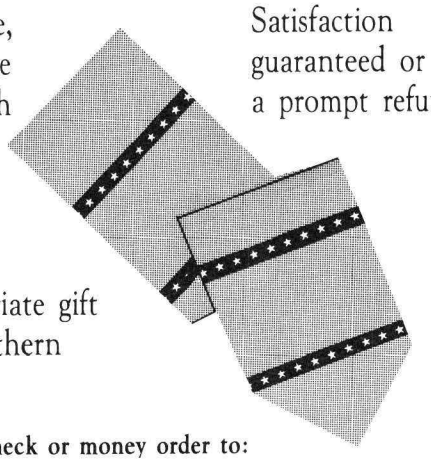
Even 50 years later, it'll be Roy Acuff, and if we're lucky he'll sing "Great Speckled Bird" or "Wreck on the Highway" and somehow, we're pure again. We're back home, friends and neighbors, and the circle is indeed unbroken.

Harry Hope, former editor of **Sandlapper** *magazine is a freelance writer and lives in Saluda, South Carolina.*

Heritage of Honor

100% silk tie, replica of the military High Command Confederate Division.

Satisfaction guaranteed or a prompt refund.



An appropriate gift for the southern gentleman.

Please send check or money order to:
Rappahannock Design, Inc.
P.O. Box 2834, Fairfax, Virginia 22031

Please send me _____ tie(s) at $27.50 each.
Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to RAPPAHANNOCK DESIGN, INC.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 2 weeks for shipping.

NOTES FROM Confederate Memorial Hall

JOHN HURLEY

Slavery vs. Abortion

The premise that the soul of the South must forever bear the stain of slavery has become conventional wisdom. This was made manifest on a recent network television show which included Jerry Falwell and Senator Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.) as guests.

When the discussion turned to abortion, Falwell told us how slavery was like abortion and asked us to consider how we could make any claim to be for civil rights if we deny the right to life. He went on to describe how abortion leads to infanticide, euthanasia and many other offenses against God.

Then we heard from Senator Weicker, the P.T. Barnum of politics. Not wishing to concede the high ground, Weicker denounced slavery as "the most morally reprehensible institution in the history of the world." He then told us about how he was the defender of all creatures great and small (well, maybe not too small) and how he was for motherhood, prospective motherhood, women's rights, or something. Anyhow, as a champion of abortion, he also felt it necessary to dredge up that old *bete noire*, slavery in the South.

It is interesting to note that, although Senator Weicker abhors plantation slavery in the Old South, he never mentions industrial slavery in the Old North, and seems only mildly concerned with contemporary collectivist slavery under communist regimes.

But how do we explain Falwell? Falwell is a Southerner. Why is he joining in this chorus against our ancestors? And where does he get the idea that abortion is in any way analogous to slavery?

Simply put, he gets the idea from the Pro Life literature. Yankee Pro Life groups have been grinding out newsletters for years that seldom omit pejorative references to the South. And this, despite the fact that Southerners have always been against abortion, as a cursory glance at Congressional voting records will confirm. It is the Kennedys, Tip O'Neills and Ferraros (Yankees all) who are voting for abortion.

But the contradictions don't stop here. The Pro Lifers make constant reference to the Dred Scott decision. Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, a Southerner, rendered this decision (and many others that sent the message to the federal government that federal authority is subject to the Constitution). Not the least among his decisions was the one that ruled against the national bank (the precursor of today's Federal Reserve) which is another warrant of his juridical perspicacity. I don't suppose it would interest our Northern brethren to learn that Chief Justice Taney was a devout Roman Catholic.

But Yankees have always been comfortable with contradictions. That's why they like the slavery/abortion metaphor. The metaphor is absurd for several reasons — reasons Falwell, more than others, should understand.

First, any Christian worth his theological salt knows that the currency of God is souls. The only thing that God desires is a harvest of souls. In a Christian sense, the only reason for human existence is to be united with Christ in an eternal life, or Heaven. That, the word teaches us, is God's plan.

And part of God's plan is for the path to the next world to be travelled by the body, the temple of the soul. If we believe that God has a plan for man, then we must also believe that abortion interrupts His plan for the soul of the victim. Unlike an adult homicide (in which case the victim has had some opportunity to make a moral mark in life) abortion is an eternal offense against God, the destruction of God's creation before the soul is given the opportunity of choice and free will.

When a child asks his parents "where do I come from?" the Christian parent usually responds "God made you", that God is indeed the Author of life. To answer that question biologically in terms of the human procreative process places man squarely in the realm of animal husbandry. Life becomes little more than a matter of sex education.

To those who believe that life is circumscribed by the temporal, the quality of this life becomes paramount. Education, career, good looks, success and riches then take the place of purity of soul as primary objectives. In this worm-eyed view of the world where status is everything, slavery is the quintessential abomination.

Christ of course didn't agree. He lived in a world of slavery and never condemned it. Rather, the injunction of the New Testament is for slaves to obey their masters and masters to treat their slaves kindly. Christ also had His civil rights violated at His trial without a word of protest. Could it be that He was underscoring His assertion that His kingdom was not of this world?

This is not to say that He endorsed slavery, and neither did most of our ancestors. In fact, many objected to the slave market, indulged in first by Old England and after the Revolution by New England's traffickers in human bondage. The debate before the adoption of the Constitution clearly shows that the South wanted to stop the slave traffic, while much of the North impelled by greed, wanted to continue it.

The fact is that the South did not introduce slavery into this country. Indeed, it was not until the profits in the slave trade dried up that Yankee politicians began to exploit the rhetoric of abolitionism. When Southerners understand that the stigma of slavery is not ours, perhaps we will stop cowering in the corner of the Union every time the subject is broached.

It should be remembered that when Dred Scott died in 1858, it was not a Yankee family at his deathbed, comforting him and encouraging him that the Lord would forgive him his sins and embrace him in Paradise.

And what of the abortionist when he dies, after poaching eternal souls in Paradise? I wonder what the Master will say?

BOOKNOTES

Twilight Ghosts & Other Tales

Russell Kirk. *Watchers at the Strait Gate.* Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House Publishers, 1984. Publ. at $14.95 256 & xiv pages. Illus.

How ironic that in our age (which seems to celebrate fantasy, mystery and the arcane in literature) Stephen King is read by millions, while the eerie tales and stories of Russell Kirk, so much superior in every regard, reach a more limited readership.

Dr. Kirk, in addition to his fame as a philosopher-critic and biographer of international stature, is one of America's best storytellers, both of ghostly tales and of mysteries. Over the years he has published dozens of them on both sides of the Atlantic. As one who has been privileged to visit the Kirk family in Mecosta, I will never forget the times after supper was complete, when Russell would favor his household with an eerie tale or two. Many times I left the table wide-eyed, uneasily observing every shadow that crossed my path. The old Kirk house in Mecosta was haunted indeed, and I had several memorable brushes with the uncanny during my stay there.

Watchers at the Strait Gate, Russell Kirk's latest collection, is a sheer delight. These ten ghostly tales, plus the preface, "A Cautionary Note on the Ghostly Tale," have all appeared through the years in diverse publications. Two of them, "The Surly Sullen Bell" and "Uncle Isaish," were previously available in the volume *The Surly Sullen Bell* (now out of print). One, "The Peculiar Desmesne of the Archvicar Gerontion," introduces us once again to one of my favorite Kirkean characters, the redoubtable and fantastic Manfred Arcane, whose Hannegrian exploits inspired Dr. Kirk's adventure novel, *"Creature of the Twilight."* It's good to see him and his co-hosts again.

Kirk's prose throughout is crisp yet elegant. His style is sure and refined, never underestimating nor overloading his characters nor the images they project. Throughout his efforts one senses the tradition of Robert L. Stevenson, Henry James, Edgar Allen Poe and M.R. James. What Kirk himself has called the "moral imagination" informs these tales.

Like Flannery O'Connor Russell Kirk has a well-developed sense of retributive justice. The spine-tingling stories he relates are, in a way, short morality plays which seem to say to us mortals that both evil and good *do* exist and exist visibly *and* invisibly, many times in unexplainable and mysterious patterns.

We would do well, his character Father Raymond Montrose seems to be telling us in "The Invasion of the Church of the Holy Ghost," to fear God and trust in His mercy, for when evil besets us we have no place else to turn. Father Montrose is indeed fortunate to have a kind of guardian angel like Fork Causland at his side when threatened by the forces of darkness.

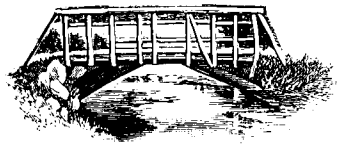
In "The Reflex-Man at Whinnymuir Close" Dr. Kirk shows that he is expert at telling tales in dialect, in this case he approximates the usages of eighteenth-century Scotland, which he was no doubt able to master through his periodic residence in the archaic Fife village of Pittenweem. This tale, he informs us, "was discovered in a padlocked chest, covered over by an accumulation of rubbish, at the top of an ancient house in the High Street of Pittenweem," and it introduces the reader to Colonel Ian Inchburn of Drumcarrow and his wife-to-be, the enchantress Janet Kenley. I hope we shall see them again, perhaps in other as yet undiscovered manuscripts.

It has recently been announced that Dr. Kirk will receive the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters of the Ingersoll Prizes this year (British novelist Anthony Powell will receive the T.S. Eliot Award for creative writing). Infused as they are in the "high wisdom" of the ages, Russell Kirk's literary works (novels, short stories, mysteries and ghostly tales), I would suggest, make him a superb candidate for the Eliot Award in 1985.

In the meantime, purchase a copy of *Watchers at the Strait Gate* and read, but heed this warning: leave a light on when you go to bed at night and when you hear that dull knock on the door at 3:00 a.m., the soul's midnight, don't answer. Just say your prayers.

Boyd Cathey

Percys Past & Present



Lewis Baker. *The Percys of Mississippi.* Louisiana State Press Baton Rouge $20.00

A fortuitous location of papers and memorabilia belonging to LeRoy and William Alexander Percy spurred Lewis Baker to write *The Percys of Mississippi.* Although much has already been recorded about these men, members of a genteel Mississippi Delta family, the best example of which is will Percy's own legacy of honor and humor, of loneliness and loftiness of spirit, the masterpiece *Laterns on the Levee.*

Mr. Baker concentrates on four Percys of different generations, from the antebellum South until the present, each of whom made a conspicuous mark on his time.

The first study is of Colonel William Alexander Percy who, like most landed conservative Southerners, opposed secession, then joined The Confederacy to fight for his beloved South. This short sketch unveils a man typical of his background, who returned to a devastated homeland and answered the call for leadership. His foes were Reconstruction, ruinous taxation, and insecure river levees. Before the war he had graduated from Princeton and studied law at the University of Virginia; By the late 1870's he had distinguished himself in Mississippi's state legislature.

The second Percy observed is LeRoy, a born leader like his father, and, like his father, imbued with a sense of political obligation. His fight against demogoguery carried him, reluctantly, to the United States Senate. After a short stay there, he returned to the Delta, practiced law and lived the good life, continuing always to assume public responsibility.

This same remarkable feeling of selfless obligation consumed, and often tormented another Percy, LeRoy's son, William Alexala. Tenderhearted, introspective, brave in his private life, patriotic to his core, as stainless in integrity as were his two forebears, Wil possessed, in addition, a talent for writing. Though he became a practicing lawyer, he finally felt that his was not the temperament for it. Throughout his years he wrote a considerable amount of poetry, including, in 1924, the soulful Episcopal hymn, number 437: "They cast their nets in Gallilee/Just off the hills of brown...," but it was not until near the end of his life that Will produced his resplendent *Lanterns on the Levee.*

Lewis Baker's final spotlight focuses on Walker Percy, whom his cousin, Will, adopted as a teenager after his parents' deaths. Walker attended the University of North Carolina, then chose the medical profession more by process of elimination than inner compulsion. He spent many hours in psychoanalysis while training at Columbia. After contracting tuberculosis and enduring a subsequent confinement in a sanitarium, Walker decided not to enter medical practice. The author states that he troubled over religion for a time before writing novels, and these books bear that out, revealing a man distressed with himself and his relationship to "eternal truths."

In this last part, Baker belabors Walker's disassociation from the first three Percys in their analyses of racial difference, all of which could have been summed up in one sentence.

To his credit, Baker has made good use of the many widespread documents available to him, and he has annotated them carefully. It is a worthwhile book for those who would adhere to the traditional idea of a moral, intellectual, and cultural elite. *The Percys of Mississippi* demonstrates the inner discipline and struggle necessary to achieve and maintain a noble code of behavior, then proves unintentionally that a high civilization can be brought to ruin within a century and end up hopelessly preoccupied with its own inner doubts.

Anne Mudd Cabaniss

The Celebrant

Charles Turner/Servant Publications/$8.95

This short novel is the story of Father Louis Schuyler, an Episcopalian Priest who gave his life during the 1878 yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, serving the sick and his God.

It's an inspiring tale...saying which (in this cynical and unbelieving age) I would not want to put anyone off. First, it happened. The young Louis Schuyler and everyone else mentioned in the book existed. Second, it's well done.

Mr. Turner sensitively imagines his protagonist's spiritual turmoil; he evokes the horror of yellow jack vividly. It was a hideous and terrifying thing — the hourly boom of the cannon, the abondoned cadavers in their shrouds, the stench of rotting flesh and the micturating stench of fear. One admires the heroic priest. One cares about him and the other people Mr. Turner introduces us to. He writes a spare, deft prose. Father Schuyler's relations with attractive women his age are delicately, almost too circumspectly, described. (How does an Episcopalean priest deal with legitimate carnal desires? The Roman Catholic priest must banish them, which may be a simpler feat than entertaining them in a sanctioned manner.) On occasion, the prose brinks on the "pious," by which I mean bad, though heartfelt, because sentimental, writing. But listen to this: "The coffin was a piece of work far from shoddy or vulgar. It lay without cloth. The pall had not been found, and there was a little distress about that.

"The deep, rubbed black called to the imagination centuries of black. In the geometry itself — in this known thing, in this loaf so explicitly shaped — was a timeless calm..." *In this loaf so explicitly shaped.* Marvelous!

—FRB

The Smoke Never Clears

A Partisan Look at New Titles from THE War

Rod Gragg

■ ***The Last Review: The Confederate Reunion, Richmond 1932.*** By Virginius Dabney. 165 pp. Algonquin Books. $27.50

In June of 1932, there assembled in Richmond a legion of old men, white-headed, some with empty sleeves, some missing a leg — all veterans of Confederate service. It was the last major review for the soldiers of the South, who, as young men in grey, breathed the smoke of battle and braved the flame of combat. Behind their eyes lay visions of awful death in pastoral-sounding places like Shiloh, Cold Harbor and Sharpsburg. More than 1,500 of them came to Richmond because they knew there would never be another reunion like it. It was the last hurrah for the old soldiers of the South.

That remarkable event in Richmond more than a half-century ago is captured in a remarkable book: *The Last Review.* It begins with a memoir of that 1932 event written by Virginius Dabney, who covered the reunion as a young reporter for a Richmond newspaper. Then follows a collection of photographs from the reunion, showing feeble, bearded old men who demonstrate spirit and confidence despite their years. The great treasures of this new book, however, await the reader in the last half of the work. There the publisher has reproduced Richmond Magazine's salute to the 42nd Confederate Reunion and following it, "The Last Parade," a memorial editorial by newspaperman and historian Douglas Southall Freeman. Despite its steep price, *The Last Review* is worthy of praise. Algonquin Books (Box 2225, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27515) was wise to produce it.

■ ***Gray Ghosts of the Confederacy: Guerilla Warfare in the West*** by Richard S. Brownlee (274 pp. LSU Press. $8.95 paper.), first published in 1958, is now available in trade paper. A well-rendered, fast-moving account of the guerilla fighting in the Western theater of the war, it is a reminder that the "Civil War" was at times a decidedly *uncivil* conflict. Supporters of William Quantrill and "Bloody Bill" Anderson will not like what this scholarly account does to those two controversial figures.

■ ***The War: "Stonewall" Jackson, His Campaigns and Battles, The Regiment As I Saw Them*** by James H. Wood (200 pp. Butternut Press. $20.) is a new reprint of an 1910 favorite. The author, a former VMI cadet, faced the Yanks from Cheat Mountain to Spotsylvania, enduring some of the bloodiest fighting of the war. Although wordy in spots, Wood's narrative carries a punch nothing but a first-person account could deliver.

■ ***Richmond Howitzers in the War: Four Years of Campaigning with the Army of Northern Virginia*** by Frederick S. Daniel (155 pp. Butternut Press. $22.50), originally published in 1891, is another reprinted memoir. The author saw a lot of action following Bobby Lee, but this recollection lacks the detail of the James Wood memoir. The old soldier who penned it no doubt witnessed a lot — if only he had recorded it better. Despite its flaws, it's a book worth reprinting — and reading.

■ ***Civil War Books: A Priced Checklist*** (338 pp. Broadfoot Publishing Co. $30.) gives collectors of books about the war something on which to guage their purchases. From Rossiter Johnson's *Campfire and Battlefield* to James McCabe's *Life and Campaigns of General Robert E. Lee,* Broadfoot's guide give author, title, date and appraised value of 18,000 books about the War Between the States. The price is more than healthy, but this is a handy volume to take shopping when you search for antique works on the war.

■ ***Lee: The Last Years*** by Charles B. Flood (308 pp. Houghton Mifflin. $8.95) is now available in trade paper by the publisher. This is a wonderful book. It chronicles the last five years in the life of Robert E. Lee and records a remarkable story of tolerance and dedication. Perhaps the strongest section of this story is the record of Lee's summons to Washington in 1866 to testify before a Congressional committee of Radical Republicans. No matter how they tried, the South-haters could not pin blame for the war on Lee. Finally, they gave up, bested by the one who had whipped McClellan on the Peninsula, Burnside at Fredricksburg and Hooker at Chancellorsville. The most memorable quote from this momorable book was delivered by Lee to the committee: "The war was an unnecessary condition of affairs and might have been avoided, if forbearance and wisdom had been practiced on both sides."

Rod Gragg, a regular contributor to *The Southern Partisan,* is the author of *The Civil War Quiz & Fact Book,* to be published by Harper & Row next spring.

The Last Word

REID BUCKLEY

Je Ne Sais Pas What To Do ... *Verse from Darling Je Vous Ames Beaucoup, sung by Hildegarde*

TV newscasters are hot for the adversarial mantle. I guess somebody told them that to attain journalistic respectability they must cease being bland. So they cultivate rudeness and an attitude of prurient disbelief. We are not shocked when a newsman asks some dignified dame whether she is testy during her period, or an interlocutor of either sex whether Senator This or Governor That suffers from piles.

This catawampus slant is healthy, I suppose. Up to a point. I often wonder whether it isn't easier to persuade the editors of TASS of the sincerity of this or that Administration policy statement than Dan Rather, whose Sal Maglie scowl threatens permanently to distort his zygomatic muscles, or Tom Brokaw, whose affected little simper of condescending skepticism cloys so quickly. The new crop of anchors is so brittle (and so jejune: they must all have been crusading editors of their high school newspapers) that one looks back with nostalgia on the avuncular pontifications of Walter Cronkite and the freeze-dried philosophical excursions of Eric Sevaried. The trouble with today's glamour pusses is that they often distort reality through their concentration on rebels, misfits, losers, and tale-tellers as the sole fonts of *fide dignus* information. For example, scrofulous peculators, or promiscuous pedophiles, or page-snatching pederasts aren't the stuff of which *all* Congressmen are made, not even Democratic Congressmen, and I should like to make it clear once and for all that Eastern liberal Democratic Congressmen of Irish descent truly are not every last one cast in the rabblerousing mold of Menestheus, though if you should ask why in the world the image-conscious Democrats retain Tip O'Neill as Majority Leader, the answer, Theseus, is simple, they feel more comfortable with the blimp behind them. The truth about American society is mostly good, moral, fair, honest, and wellmeaning.

But this unfortunately does not satisfy the liberal myth to which most of the heavy-breathing solons of the broadcasting channels have pledged their froth. The liberal, remember, is an intellectualized version of the neighborhood busybody. Busybodies must have something to upset the pleasurably digesting rest of humanity with, or they cannot themselves enjoy a happy b.m. (One teaspoonful daily of castor oil would probably do Brokaw and Rather a world of good, don't you think?) They must find the leather sole in the shoefly pie and the bug in the ointment. Their dreams are populated by crawly creatures and slithey toves, and if the public perceives that anything is going well, the public is mistaken — the public is so stupid! — and must be undeceived. That umpteen million more Americans are at work now than just four years ago — than ever before in the history of our nation — isn't the significant statistic, *which is that 7.5 million Americans are still unemployed!* (And don't *you* get your priorities mixed up!) I feel very, very sorry for Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw: they live in a hellish world of human imperfections.

Blinding ideological prejudice, however, is a real problem in television. Anchors are so imprinted with the received thinking of the hive that they are not even aware, most of the time, that their presentation is perverse, narrow, one-sided, and quite often factitious. Sometimes their opacity in this respect stretches patience.

This past March (1) the *Today Show* indulged in an outrageous example of political indoctrination. The subject: nuclear war. The gist of the program: that President Reagan's cabinet (darkly hinted, no names vouchsafed) is thinking the "unthinkable," namely, should the tragedy occur, *winning* an apocalyptic showdown with the Soviets!

Let us pause right here. "Unthinkable" is an idiot-word, because that which is unthinkable by definition *has* never been and *can* never be thought, in which case the Administration is guilty of nothing worse than emptyheadedness...but everybody knows *that* about Ronald Reagan, so what's new (and horrible)? What Nice Guy Bryant Gumbel and Sweet Sister Jane — whose smile *I* have always thought, drips acid rain — meant by unthinkable is "nasty."

You wonder, next: should the Administration be studying on how to *lose* a nuclear war? Would that make honest folk out of them at NBC? Well, never mind...The editors summoned a single authority on matters nuke, who (guess what?) condemned the Administration's strategic rearmament. He was — is — a Mr. William Arkin, hurriedly introduced by Bryant Gumbel as a spokesman for the Institute for Policy Studies, and thereafter identified as, simply, in subtitles that flashed on and off, "William Arkin, Nuclear Expert."

There was no notice to the unwary listener that the Institute for Policy Studies is a radical-left Washington think tank of alienated 1960s origins whose factotums more often than not can be counted upon to recommend any policy that favors the Soviets. (Rael Jean and Erich Isaac have recently published a book called **The Coercive Utopians** — Regnery/Gateway — in which the activities of the IPS are thoroughly documented.) The editors of the *Today Show* decided, apparently, that it was unnecessary to bring in an "expert" witness for the contrary point of view; but had these folks, moved by some miraculous compunction to be fair, called upon a scholar from the Heritage Foundation or the Hoover Institute, you can bet your sweet boots that he or she would have been identified as belonging to a "conservative" think tank, and chances are to a "rightwing" or even "reactionary" think tank.

The *Today Show* people can't excuse themselves for this glaring breach of journalistic propriety on a plea of ignorance. The political coloration of the Institute for Policy Studies is notorious. Twice over the past two or three years I have happened to be listening when they featured "experts" from the IPS, and twice I've written to protest, *not* their partiality to the far left slant, please understand, to which, if not inured, I have become resigned, but their glaring breach of journalistic propriety in failing to identify the ideological fix of the Institute. Other viewers have doubtlessly protested, but TV folk are as contemptuous of the public as they are of the targets they like to skewer; there is no letters column in a broadcast, and we are at their mercy.

What's to be done?

[1]The 19th, for the record.

☆J. E. B. STUART☆

By Don Troiani, SAHA

They called him flamboyant, audacious, furious. James Ewell Brown Stuart was all this and more. Before his 30th birthday he had won reknown as one of the most superb cavalry leaders of all time, a consistent source of inspiration to his peers and a constant worry to his opponents. He was a masterful scout, supplying the most crucial information to his embattled cause. He was a fiery warrior whose men appeared as if from nowhere to use saber and carbine with a vengence. He was a charismatic, fearless leader who earned the absolute respect of the horsemen he rode with into danger. His daredevil exploits made him an American folk-hero.

The legendary cavalry leader has been portrayed with new vigor by accomplished historical artist Don Troiani who captures the relentless Major General J. E. B. Stuart on his bay "Virginia" riding with his men ahead of a summer storm. The gleam of victory is in his eye and the triumph of past campaigns is in his face. As his men advance, their idolized leader pauses at a position held a short time before by a Union battery. The equipment scattered on the dusty ground attests that the cannoneers' withdrawal was not leisurely.

Months of careful research went into this unmatched portrait of the knight of the Confederacy. Troiani, President of the Society of American Historical Artists, skillfully combined his broad knowledge of military antiques and exceptional talent to produce a painting not only reflecting the strength and resolve of Stuart himself, but also rich in the smallest detail. The general is there in his ever-present plumed slouch hat, buff sash and high boots. At his side hangs the French cavalry saber he favored, while one of his troopers is armed with a sword from the Confederate States Armory in its distinctive red lacquered scabbard. It is no wonder that Troiani's dedication to historical fidelity has made him one of the most sought after artists in his field. In addition to many outstanding private collections, his paintings are featured in the Smithsonian Institution, West Point Museum, National Park Service, Pentagon and U. S. Cavalry Museum.

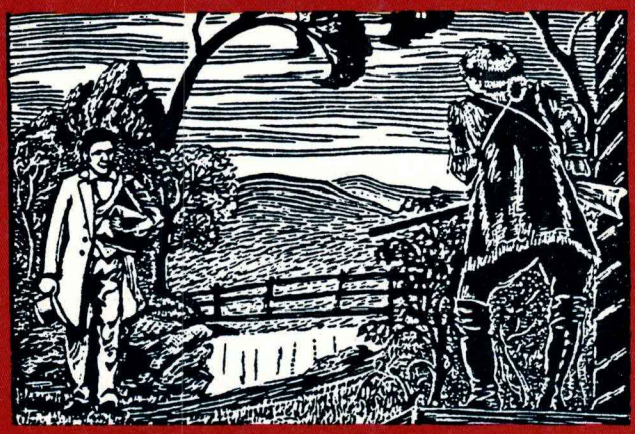
Historical Art Prints, exclusive publisher of Don Troiani's work, is proud to offer this magnificent limited edition. This print is of the highest quality, done on 100% acid-free Neutral pH art stock with fade resistent inks. To protect the high investment potential of this series of 850 prints, the plates have been destroyed and it will not be issued in any other form. Several earlier Troiani editions have sold out and now command up to five times the original selling price. For our customers' convenience, a waiting list is also maintained for those desiring prints from sold out editions.

To order-Call or write:
Historical Art Prints, Ltd.
P. O. Box 15126 Park Square Station
Stamford, CT 06901
(203) 356-9229

Image size 23″×18¼″, 850/signed and numbered.
$95.00+$5.00 postage and handling ($15.00 overseas and Canada).

We accept personal checks, money orders, MasterCard and Visa. Send for free color literature. Please inquire about Artists Proofs and Remarques.

A Special Christmas Offer
Singin' Billy



Donald Davidson

The Foundation for American Education is pleased to announce the rediscovery and publication of a lost masterpiece, **Singin' Billy**, a folk play by the brilliant defender of traditional Southern values Donald Davidson. This drama, once set to music by composer Charles Bryan and performed in Nashville, depicts Southern mountain life in the early 1800's, when the historical figure William Walker was traveling through the region, teaching a new way of singing that still survives in rural communities today. In Davidson's highly original script, Walker encounters opposition among the hard-drinking, hard-fighting mountain men and finally fights them with an extraordinary weapon they hardly know how to combat. The ensuing conflict is a profound parable of the way the American frontier was civilized and defines anew the values that have always undergirded the South.

This first edition, with introductions by T.D. Young and Herschel Gower, is limited to 1,000 copies and can be obtained by a gift of $25 or more to the Foundation for American Education, which in the past has engaged in such educational projects as the full funding of *The Southern Partisan*. All gifts are tax-deductible, and checks should be made out to THE FOUNDATION FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. The address is P.O. Box 274, Glendale, South Carolina 29346.

Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Shepherdsville, KY
Permit # 12

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN
P.O. Box 11708
Columbia, S.C. 29211
Address Correction Requested.
Forwarding and Return Postage Guaranteed.

8601 02121
Mr. Thomas L. Filkins
10003 Copeland Drive
Manassas VA 22110